The Outlook

NOVEMBER 2, 1921

WILL THE RAILWAYS BE PARALYZED?

BETWEEN the time that this issue of The Outlook goes to press and the time that it reaches the majority of its readers the question whether the threatened strike of railway employees throughout the country will be carried out will be answered. The date set for the first group to leave work was October 22; but this group consisted of a comparatively small number of men in Texas. These men left work as they threatened to do; but the reports quickly followed that passenger trains, manned by substitutes, were running as usual, and freight trains after a day or two were resuming operations. Certain observers, perhaps not unprejudiced, have given their opinion that the result in Texas indicates failure elsewhere. Five days before the time set for the beginning of the general strike ten unions of railway employees decided not to join the Big Five in their strike for the present. So far only the telegraphers have voted to join the trainmen, conductors, switchmen, engineers, and firemen in the strike, and even they do not seem to be absolutely sure of themselves, though their president declared that there was no intention of revoking their decision. Thus out of the nearly two million railway employees in the country less than a third appear definitely determined to stop work. Many of the railways have received applications enough to fill all the places of those who threaten to go on strike. Indications are that the strike might not actually occur.

Some railway officials would not altogether regret a strike at this time. They feel that the unions, made arrogant by intimidating the country in 1916, when the Adamson Eight-Hour Law was passed in response to their threat of a strike, need the lesson of a failure, and that there is no prospect of a better time for this lesson to be administered than at present. Public sentiment seems to be almost unanimously against the strikers. The unions have committed themselves so thoroughly to a strike that it has proved difficult for them to recede from their position. The Inter-State Commerce Commission has ordered reduction on certain railway rates, especially charges for the transportation of staples such as grain. By this action the reduction in wages, against which the unions complain, would be passed on to the public. This action has been generally regarded as just and reasonable; but it has not changed the purpose of the unions.

President Harding has not interfered in the matter. His policy has been to leave the matter to the Railway Labor Board as the authority which Congress has given the power to deal with just such problems as this threatened strike. Moreover, the policy of the President is understood not only to place the responsibility with the Board, but also to support the Board in whatever conclusions it finds itself justified in reaching. At the time of the anthracite strike President Roosevelt had to create his committee. In this case President Harding finds his commission already in existence. The Labor Board has called both union officials and railway officials to meetings in Chicago. Those meetings were to begin on October 26. About fifteen hundred union officials and between one hundred and fifty and three hundred railway executives were cited to appear. Seats at the Coliseum were also provided for the public. The Railway Board has ordered the men not to strike while these meetings are pending.

The issue thus becomes one even more important than that of wages or working conditions. It is the question relating to the power of the Government in dealing with such controversies. If the event proves the Railway Labor Board to be impotent, then public sentiment will be behind the Administration in going to Congress for such legislation as will clothe the Governmental body with authority sufficient to save the country from such a menace in the future.

PANAMA CANAL TOLLS

BY a vote of 37 to 47 the United States Senate passed the bill sponsored by Mr. Borah exempting American ships engaged in coastwise trade from paying tolls when they pass through the Panama Canal. The bill has still to come before the House, and we hope that the House will correct what we regard as a political blunder. A legal right is not always a moral right, and even a moral right it is not always expedient to exercise.

Charges of bad faith have been made in certain quarters against those who are supporting the action taken by the Senate. Such charges are not, in our judgment, justified. The treaty which opened the way for our construction of the Panama Canal was ambiguous. The English interpretation regarded it as a pledge on our part to make the tolls equal for the ships of all nations, including our own. Many Americans, including President Roosevelt, President Taft, Mr. Olney (President Cleveland's Secretary of State), and Senator Lodge —admitted authorities on foreign affairs—argue that the language of the treaty does not include coastwise vessels of the United States. Certain of these Americans who differ from the English interpretation hold that, to use the words of Mr. Olney, "it cannot be reasonably argued that in fixing the terms for the use of this Canal for customers the United States looked upon itself as one of the customers." These Americans would hold, therefore, that all American vessels are excluded from the provision of the treaty requiring equality. This view is somewhat confirmed by the view, which seems to be universally accepted, that the United States has the right to pass its war-vessels through without paying tolls while requiring tolls from the war-vessels of other nations. Some Americans who do not go as far as this maintain that American coastwise vessels need not pay any tolls because there are no vessels of any foreign nations that are engaged in American coastwise traffic, and therefore it is treating the vessels of all nations, including the United States, on an equality to exempt American coastwise vessels from payment of tolls. Many Americans, moreover, who regard the question as debatable hold that it should be arbitrated, but at the same time hold the view that it cannot come up for arbitration until a bill exempting the coastwise traffic is passed. So long as the coastwise vessels are exempt by law, "there is," to use Senator Borah's phrase, "nothing to arbitrate now between Great Britain and the United States, . . . and there never will be until we assert our right and ask for arbitration."

Those who oppose the bill do so on various grounds. Some oppose it because they say it is treating the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty as a scrap of paper. Others oppose it because they think that if the matter is to be arbitrated we should propose arbitration before passing the bill rather than afterwards. It is Mr. Lodge's view that there is nothing to prevent our leaving it to arbitration before acting. Others oppose the bill because they believe at this time, just before the Arms Conference, it would be

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inexpedient to raise a question that might irritate foreign Powers. Still others oppose the bill, not because of its relation to the treaty at all, but because they do not believe in giving any further privilege to American coastwise vessels, which have already a monopoly of the coastwise traffic.

Neither the policy in favor of exemption nor against exemption can properly be called Republican or Democratic, for both parties in their platforms have committed themselves to the policy of exemption, and American statesmen are divided on this question without regard to party lines.

During the war, at the urgent recommendation of President Wilson, the law exempting American ships from the payment of tolls was repealed. Now the Senate has reported itself in favor of reversing the action taken under the preceding Administration and would again exempt American ships. We think this action a mistake, because whatever pecuniary advantage may inure to the American people will not, in our judgment, outweigh the disadvantage of appearing to foreign nations not to know our own minds, but to waiver and vacillate in our foreign policy and to confer advantages on our neighbors under one Administration which we retract under the next Administration, so that foreign nations cannot depend upon stability in dealing with us. The imposing of tolls on American ships by our legislation during the war may have been a mistake, but, if so, it was one of those mistakes which it is better not to correct.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

GOVERNOR SPROUL, of Pennsylvania, has appointed State Senator William E. Crow to fill the late Senator Knox's unexpired term in the United States Senate. The term ends in March, 1923. The Governor also announces that Mr. Crow will be a candidate for the office at the general election next year.

Senator Crow is fifty-one years old. He was born in Fayette County, where he still lives, was reared on a farm, educated in the public schools and in Waynesburg College. For three years he engaged in newspaper work, was then admitted to the bar and became county District Attorney.

Senator Crow is a close friend and associate of Governor Sproul, and has been so for many years. He has been the representative of the present State administration in the State Senate. Mr. Sproul and Mr. Crow were colleagues in that body, and Mr. Crow did much toward the nomination of the present Governor. Mr. Crow has been fourteen years in the State Senate. During the past eight years he has also been Chairman of the Republican State Committee. By his varied activities Mr. Crow has become familiar with legislative, administrative, and political processes.

SENATOR WILLIAM E. CROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA

As Senator Penrose is from eastern Pennsylvania, it was a foregone conclusion that the Governor would appoint as Mr. Knox's successor one who came from the western part of the State, as does Mr. Crow. But the appointment has a greater significance as a possible challenge to the Penrose ascendency.

THE RATIFICATION OF THE PEACE TREATY

WHEN the Treaty of Versailles, with the Covenant of the League of Nations incorporated in it, was before the Senate, fears were expressed that unless America accepted that Treaty without material reservation the Peace Conference would have to be assembled all over again. Then, when it became evident that America was not going to accept the Treaty with its Covenant, there were fears expressed that America would have to go "hat in hand" to Germany and get very much less advantageous terms. It is now proved that the country was wise in not taking counsel of these fears. The Peace Conference has not had to be reassembled, and we have not had to go hat in hand to Germany. Yet the Treaty which the Harding Administration negotiated with Germany retains the rights which America would have had if she had signed the Versailles Treaty and at the same time relieves her of certain obligations which the people of America were evidently not willing to assume. The Treaty itself is very brief. It can be printed in considerably less than two columns of a daily newspaper. It incorporates in itself most of the resolution adopted by Congress declaring the end of the state of war. We outlined its provisions in our issue for September 7.

This Treaty has now been approved by the Senate. In common parlance, it is said that the Senate ratified the Treaty. Strictly speaking, it is the President who ratifies the Treaty; but he can do so only after the Senate has voted to approve it for ratification. Reservations or additions promising that America would come to Germany's support if Germany were wantonly attacked were rejected, as were other reservations, including one specifically holding Germany responsible for the war.

The Senate vote was 66 to 20.

This Treaty, like any other treaty, goes into effect when ratifications are exchanged between the representatives of the two Governments.

A FLURRY IN THE IRISH CONFERENCE

THE ill-considered and totally uncalled-for letter from Mr. De Valera to the Pope had its influence in drawing apart what the interests of Ireland should bring closer together. Yet the disturbance it caused is receding, and as we write the indications are that the conference can afford to ignore it.

Practically De Valera said to the Pope: Do not be misled by King George or Lloyd George "into believing [to quote his exact words] that the people of Ireland owe allegiance to the British King." Mr. De Valera must have known that the Pope was perfectly well informed as to the communications that have passed between himself and Lloyd George and as to the repeated declarations on the part of Sinn Fein, so far as Mr. De Valera represents it, that Ireland is of right an independent nation and as to the refusals of the Prime Minister to negotiate on that basis. The etter, therefore, was not merely unnecessary, but really an impertinence.

There is nothing in all this, however, to prevent the conference from going on under the formula as to a basis of debate which is represented by the phrase, "How to bring about the association of Ireland with the community of nations constituting the British Empire." It has all along been clear that if the Sinn Fein leaders are unwilling to consider anything but absolute independence they might as well have stayed away from the conference. If, however, they are open to conviction as to some plan of

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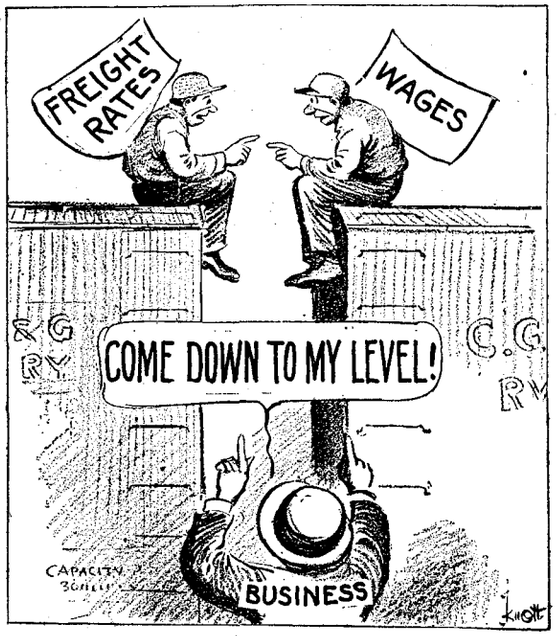
I MUST UNTO THE ROAD, TO DISEMBARK SOME NECESSARIES

(Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Scene 4)

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) Morning News

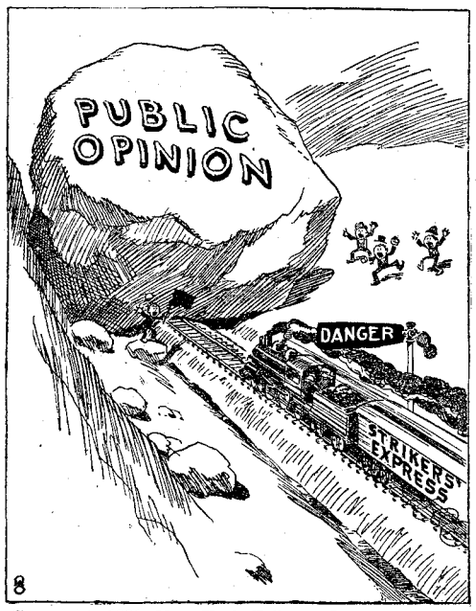


BOTH: "HE'S TALKING TO YOU!"
From J. K. Smith, Palestine, Texas.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

"L-LEMME OUT!"

From the New York Tribune



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WELL, THEY CAN'T SAY THE SIGNAL WASN'T WORKING

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star

From Alfred E. Barrows, Washington, D. C.

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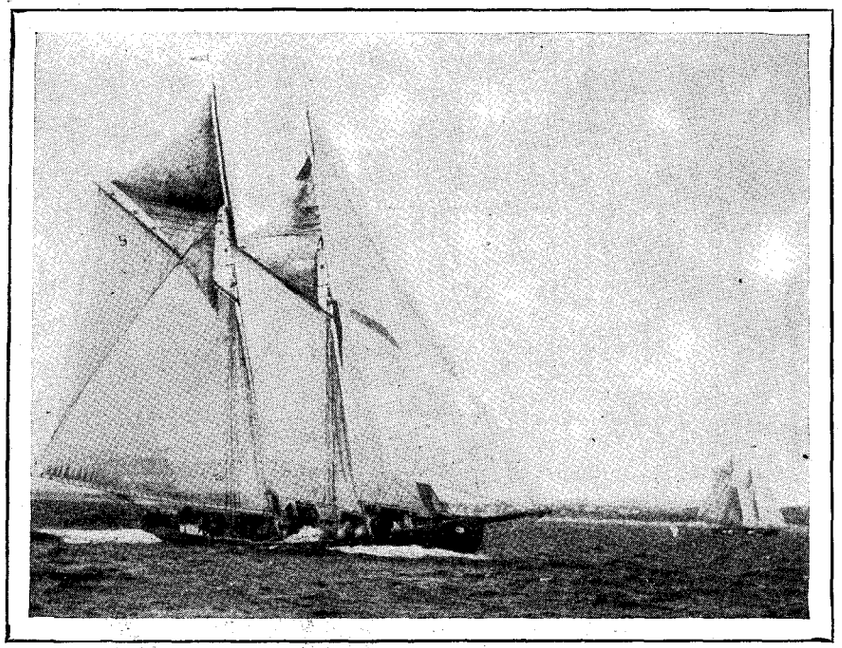

International

AMERICAN SCHOONER ELSIE, DEFEATED BY THE CANADIAN FISHERMAN BLUENOSE IN THE INTERNATIONAL RACE OFF HALIFAX. A PICTURE OF BLUENOSE APPEARED IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE OUTLOOK

self-government for Ireland which would not involve independence, no one objects to their maintaining their traditional ideal that Ireland should of right be a separate nation. The progress that has been made would indicate that this is really not the essential question at issue. The difficulty is less likely to be over the question of absolute independence than over the question whether what Great Britain offers is really such a degree of self-government as other Dominions have, and if not, what precise degree of self-government is acceptable.

The meetings of the conference are not public. So far as can be judged, however, little progress has been made in grappling with the critical problems.

EUROPE IN ERUPTION

REVOLUTION, Cabinet collapse, and dangerous disturbances in Europe have lately startled the world at large.

The most spectacular and picturesque of these events was the short-lived war waged by the ex-Emperor Charles to recover for himself and the Hapsburg dynasty the throne of Hungary. It began with an incident that reads as if it came out of a modern romance—the dash of Charles and his consort Zita from Switzerland to Hungary in an airplane. There his followers and little army rallied around the aspirant for the throne and advanced toward Budapest, the Hungarian capital. The fighting that followed was not prolonged. The defeat of the ex-Emperor was complete. It is reported that his forces lost some two hundred killed and nearly a thousand wounded. The surrender of the ex-royal pair followed. One report says: "Charles wept; Zita fainted."

The result of this fiasco is to impress the Allies with the belief that the irrepressible Charles must be put under rigid observation. No country seems to desire his presence and the press is seriously advocating that Charles be immured in some far-off place, as Napoleon was at St. Helena. There are even rumors that he may be banished to the United States if, indeed, we are willing to have him. The terms offered to Charles amount practically to unconditional surrender, with amnesty to the troops after they have been disarmed, and with the fate of Charles left to the Great Powers to decide.

Another revolution quite as sudden and brief, but with the opposite result, took place in Portugal. At first it was described as a bloodless revolution, but later it was reported that the Premier of Portugal, Antonio Granjo, was killed during the rioting and that ex-President Santos, who more than any one else was founder of the Portugal Republic, was killed, while it is rumored that other members of the Cabinet have shared their fate. The basis of this successful revolution seems to have been partly reactionary, partly military, and partly founded on the personal enmity on the part of men whose services and abilities have not, in their opinion, been recognized adequately. Portugal has had seven premiers during its short history as a republic—that is, since 1910; and three or four of these came into office after revolutionary outbursts. The head of the new Ministry thus put in power by the Lisbon rioting is Colonel Manuel Coelho, described by different correspondents as a monarchist and a moderate republican.

In Germany the overthrow of the Wirth Cabinet was precisely what might have been expected after the action of the Allies in upholding the decision of the League Council as to Upper Silesia. The indications are that Germany will accept the situation, however much it may protest, and that the world outside Germany and Poland will regard the decision as being fair, equitable, and a reasonable solution of an exceedingly troublesome and intricate problem. The League of Nations is to be congratulated in having shown its efficiency and ability in this matter; it acted solely as an arbitral body, however, and its decision goes into force only because it is supported by the will of the Great Powers and their announced purpose to use military measures if necessary.

Dr. Wirth had been Chancellor since last May. He was a leader of the Clerical party, and went into office when his predecessor was driven out because of the acceptance of the Allies' ultimatum.

SALUTAMUS, BLUENOSE!

THE Fishermen's Trophy has decided upon at least a year's residence in Nova Scotia. The victory of Bluenose over the American schooner Elsie was the deciding factor in the decision.

In two straight races the Canadian schooner proved itself the superior of her smaller and older rival. But Elsie made a gallant fight of it.

In the first race of the series Elsie carried away her foretopmast and strained her maintopmast. Bluenose at the time was in the lead, and her captain, August Walters, promptly doused his outer jib to equalize the sail area of the two contending vessels. It was a sportsmanlike gesture, even though there was little danger of it affecting the outcome of the race.

The loss of the Elsie's foretopmast gave the Canadian fishermen an opportunity for another piece of international courtesy which deserves record here. The fishing vessel which represented Canada last year was Delawanna, and it so happened that her foretopmast was a discarded spar which was once carried by Elsie. The use of this topmast was promptly offered to Captain Marty Welch, of Elsie, and the offer was gratefully accepted.

In the second race of the series Elsie proved herself a better boat off the wind, but Bluenose was superior on windward

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work. Despite the defeat of Elsie, Captain Marty Welch, who won last year's race in Esperanto, proved himself one of the smartest skippers that ever handled a wheel. His skill was freely acknowledged by his victorious rival. Captain Walters said: "He is the smartest I ever saw in getting a vessel over the starting line. I hope he will continue to be the smartest too, for I don't want to race against anybody who knows more'n Welch."

GENERAL WOOD IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE man whom Lord Cromer, himself one of the great men of our day, as proved by his record in Egypt, declared to be the greatest of colonial administrators has taken up his duties as Governor-General of the Philippines. It was hoped that Congress would enable him to remain on the active list of the Army and yet hold this civil office; but Congress refused to make an exception of General Leonard Wood. Consequently he retired from the Army at some considerable sacrifice, received leave of absence from the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania, of which he had been chosen President, and took up this public duty. After eight years of inefficiency, of well-intentioned but misguided attempts to allow untrained and incapable men to exercise authority over matters affecting the welfare and happiness of their own people, the situation in the Philippines demands a policy of courage, decision, and tact.

In his Inaugural Address, on October 15, General Wood announced his policy of economy and efficiency under a government of the people by their representatives to the extent provided in the Jones Bill. Some of his statements would seem like platitudes except for the experience of the past eight years. For instance, he declared as part of his policy that fitness was an absolute requirement for appointment to office. Of course during these eight years, in spite of inefficiency, there has been progress. The Filipinos have been eager for education, and schools have spread. This progress General Wood heartily recognized. Indeed, he abstained entirely from criticism of what had been done. He pointed out that the Filipinos, though Oriental in blood, were in religion and in ideas of government akin to the nations of the West. He urged the maintenance of education, of religion, of an independent judiciary, of public works, of public health, of agriculture, and he promised to do the best he could to restore the credit of the Philippines.

It is worth noting that Lord Northcliffe, the famous British journalist, is reported to have commented last week in an interview at Manila on the generosity of the United States to the Philippines and to have said that when he asked Filipino statesmen how the Philippines could carry on if America should get out, he was met by puzzled silence; and that he told them they already had all the essentials of independence plus immunity from foreign entanglements.

LEONARD WOOD, NOW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

MAKING ANTI-AMERICANS

WE Americans are sometimes curiously inconsistent. We boil over with enthusiasm for "Americanization," and at the same time maintain at the Port of New York one of the most efficient factories in the world for the production of hatred for America and American institutions. A very large percentage of all the foreign-born men, women, and children who come to the United States, most of them with the ideal of becoming free and self-respecting American citizens, pass through Ellis Island, the immigrant station maintained by the United States Government.

There lie before us as these lines are being written three documents the perusal of which makes one wonder why the first impulse of every immigrant who passes through Ellis Island is not to turn his mind and hand against the Government of the United States. The first document is an affidavit of a refined Englishwoman, the sister of a professor in a missionary college in the Near East, who was refused admittance to the United States after detention at Ellis Island. The conditions which this testimony describes as existing at Ellis Island are revolting. The second document is the calm and dispassionate report made last April by a special Committee of Investigation of the Merchants Association of New York. The foul sanitary conditions and the inefficiency of administration at Ellis Island are frankly pointed out in this report.

It is a curious coincidence that the American in the Near East who sends us the affidavit of the Englishwoman and the Committee of the Merchants Association both refer with approval to the successful administration of Ellis Island by Commissioner William Williams in 1909. It is clear, therefore, that, while the organic law is responsible for some of the defects and injustices of our treatment of immigrants, much depends upon the character and ability of the Commissioner, who has great power. We have been hoping that one of the practical reforms inaugurated by the Harding Administration would be the reorganization of Ellis Island. That hope is justified by the announcement of the appointment by President Harding of Robert E. Tod to succeed the present Commissioner, Frederick W. Wallis, who was appointed by President Wilson and who leaves his office actively to support the candidacy of Mayor Hylan for re-election. Mr. Tod is a New York banker of Scotch birth, about fifty years of age, and is a nephew of the distinguished philanthropist, John S. Kennedy. Mr. Tod came to this country as a young man and received a part of his education at Princeton University. As an administrator and man of affairs he has been very successful, and his active service in France during the war won him a citation from General Pershing and from the French the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Naval Cross. He is competent to deal successfully with the complicated and perplexing problem which faces him at Ellis Island. If he succeeds, he will contribute as much as a dozen incorporated societies could do to the good work of making American citizens.

We have left to the last the third document which lies before us and which we have mentioned above, because it deals, not with administrative failure at Ellis Island, but with the organic law. It comes from Mr. Frank Zotti, of this city, and is in the form of an article published by him in the "Narodni List," a Croatian daily newspaper published in New York City. The article states that a thrifty Croatian farmer came some years ago to this country and, finally bringing over his two oldest sons, became a farmer in Illinois and ultimately became the owner of about thirty acres of land with a comfortable house. Having reached this stage of Americaniza-

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tion, he sent twelve hundred dollars back to Croatia for his wife and the other five children. According to the law now in force, which permits only a certain quota of aliens to enter this country every month on a percentage basis, the mother and three of these children were permitted to join the farmer husband and two older sons, and two of the children were deported or returned to Croatia. What must be the feeling of this Illinois farmer and of his wife toward a Government which forcibly separates them from two of their children, who are sent back without parents or guardians to nobody knows what fate in a land torn by dissensions and threatened with starvation! This piece of Americanization was performed under a law which attempts to settle the immigration question by mathematical percentages. Americanization is not a mathematical process; it is a human process. Pigs may be imported by mathematical calculation. Ought we to be surprised if piggish methods of regulating immigration produce brutish resentment and hatred of law and government?

THE WRONG WAY WITH VETERANS THE RIGHT WAY WITH LEGISLATORS

NEW YORK STATE on election day will attempt to deal with two problems which are of National importance. The citizens of that State will be asked to vote for or against veteran preference in the Civil Service and for or against raising the pay of the State legislators. The Constitutional amendment which would grant to the veteran a prior right to employment in the service of the State over men who might be better equipped for the task at hand would be a direct injury to the State and a hardly less direct injury to the great body of veterans themselves. The Constitutional amendment proposed for New York State provides that soldiers, sailors, and marines who are citizens and residents of New York State shall be entitled to preference in appointment and promotion without regard to their standing on any list from which such appointments or promotions may be made. Such an amendment would doubtless be a benefit to individual veterans, but the real interest of all veterans is to protect and maintain the highest possible degree of efficiency in the Government which they sacrificed so much to defend.

Cities and States have already experimented with the same form of misguided generosity towards the veteran which is proposed for New York State, and their experience has not been happy. The Department of Civil Service of Seattle, Washington, is of the opinion that the Veteran Preference Law has not been satisfactory and has frequently resulted in lowering the efficiency of the city service. The Civil Service Commission of the State of Illinois has stated:

> It is the personal opinion of all the officials, who do not want to be quoted, that the war veteran preference is a detriment to the service. The members of the Legislature would not act on this principle when applied to themselves. For example, if a member of the Legislature were stricken with appendicitis, he would not hire an inexperienced interne who had served in the World War in preference to an experienced surgeon. Yet this is the situation voted upon the helpless inmates of the State institutions.
>
> The members of the Legislature who voted for war veteran preference did not apply this rule for political appointments where their own relatives and political associates are appointed.

The phrase which reads, "who do not want to be quoted," provides perhaps a suggestive explanation for the demand for the passage of such an amendment as it is proposed to add to the New York Constitution. The published arguments may be generous and philanthropic. The real arguments are political.

The second amendment which will confront the voters of New York State likewise deals, as we have said, with a matter of National concern. It is proposed to increase the salaries of the State legislators from $1,500 to $3,000 a year. The reason for this proposal may be found, in part, in the belief that the legislative body of New York is at present unable to draw into its service the type of man most needed in a democratic government.

James Bryce in his latest volume, "Modern Democracies," speaks of the decline of legislatures in standing and dignity throughout the world, and he deplores this change because the efficient legislative body is an indispensable part of the machinery of popular government. Of course it is an open question in the world at large whether the best results are obtained from the payment of legislators at all. But that is not an issue in America, as the tradition here is that members of the legislature are not to be merely country gentlemen or persons of wealth but representative of the average of the American democracy. And representatives of the average of our democracy cannot spend a considerable portion of their time every year at the seat of government without being reasonably compensated for it. The effect of exceedingly low and insufficient salaries has been unwholesome. It is true that there have been those all over the country who have sacrificed time and money in the parliamentary service, but an unworthy stipend has brought to the seat of government many legislators of light caliber who are fit neither for public place nor for anything else. Those of better quality use a term or two in the legislature as a stepping-stone to more profitable areas of activity. Charles F. Murphy, in commenting upon the tendency of some legislators to profit on the side, once remarked that the salary of a legislator was nothing but "chicken feed," anyway. And it is unquestionably true that the State has lost immeasurably not only in the quality of a great number of its legislators but also through the temptation to eke out a subsistence by ill-gotten gains in a position of power where easy money can so readily be obtained. The salaries of legislators have not been altered in large parts of the country through a long period of years, and while the financial rewards of public service can never be on a parallel with those of other fields of usefulness, they may be and they should be raised to a plane of worthiness. To be sure, this is only one step towards halting the decline of legislatures, but it ought to have an immediate effect in increasing the competition of good men for legislative office and in decreasing the servility of legislators to party machines and powerful interests and temptations of all sorts which beset them in the public service.

WHITE TERROR AND RED TERROR

THE bomb which was exploded in the American Embassy in Paris in an attempt to assassinate Ambassador Herrick must make the blood of every believer in orderly government boil. It is alleged, and the allegation is substantiated by written boasts, that the bomb was exploded by Communists as a protest against the conviction in Massachusetts of two Italian radicals, Sacco and Vanzetti, who were recently tried and found guilty of murder. It is not denied even by their friends and sympathizers that these two Italians were ultra-radical, disseminators of so-called Red literature, and evaders of the draft; but there are some Americans, the editors of the "New Republic," for instance, who claim that they did not have a fair trial and that judge, jury, and prosecuting officials were swayed by passion and prejudice against Red radicalism. Even if this were true—even if the judge were tyrannical, the jury prejudiced, and the witnesses perjured—assassination and bomb

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throwing is not the remedy. The convicted men had at least had the justice of a trial before a jury of their peers, in open court, with their own witnesses, and with the benefit of counsel. The fact that their friends and sympathizers are of a mentality and spirit which led them to attempt to assassinate in a sneaky and cowardly fashion a perfectly innocent man as a protest against what they allege to be injustice indicates that, whatever their acts may have been, their associations and mental processes are undesirable in a free democracy. The White Terror of despotism is a lesser evil in a democracy like the United States than the Red Terror of violence and assassination. For unjust judges and corrupt or insincere prosecuting officers can be removed by the instrument of the ballot; while assassination and terror only breed violence and repression under which constitutional government is sure to disintegrate.

We do not here presume to criticise the court in which Sacco and Vanzetti were tried, although it has been criticised by some reputable, patriotic, and law-abiding citizens. But we do say that in every American court in which aliens are tried for revolutionary acts or behavior especial efforts should be made to see that the accused are treated with the most punctilious fairness and justice. There should be made the clearest distinction between revolutionary opinions and revolutionary acts. Opinions cannot be regulated by law; acts can. The Constitution of the United States in its Bill of Rights says:

> Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses *to the same overt act*, or on confession in open court.

The italics are ours. The inalienable right of free thought, free speech, and a free press was so dear to our fathers that they felt it necessary to guard by Constitutional provision against a passionate or prejudiced punishment of treason, the most dangerous and the most heinous crime that can be committed against organized society. The Red Terror that followed the World War engendered in some places a White Terror—that is to say, the despotism of government officers. Those Americans who believe in the constitutional and human rights of a democratic form of government must not only protect their country from the dangers of the Red Terror, but take good care lest in their natural reaction against violence they themselves are not contaminated by the insidious prejudices and passions of the White Terror.

BRITAIN AT THE CONFERENCE

NAVALISM is a word that has been coined in recent years to express distrust of Britain. Nobody seriously alleges or attempts to prove that the navy of England controls the policy of the British Empire. If it means anything, navalism signifies the possession and use of a preponderant sea power and implies that such sea power is an evil.

The suspicion of Britain expressed in the word navalism will prove one of the factors at the Conference on the limitation of armament. Britain's navy is not only by far the biggest navy in the world, but is the best balanced. According to a recent despatch from Washington giving what is said to be statistics compiled by "informed officials," Great Britain has 533 fighting ships, the United States 464, and Japan 99. The relative tonnage of these ships is: British, 1,860,480; American, 1,289,463; and Japanese, 528,689. Thus in number of ships Great Britain lacks but thirty of equaling the number in both the navies of the United States and Japan, and in tonnage surpasses them combined. Those who believe, as I do, that among the essentials of justice and peace in international relations are understanding and co-operation between the English-speaking peoples must recognize that there are people who fear power such as Britain's on the sea.

Furthermore, at this Conference the subject for discussion is to include the problems of the Far East, and Great Britain comes to the Conference not quite free to discuss those problems unhampered by obligations. The Far Eastern problems in a single word are Japan. If it were not for Japan, there would be no problems of the Pacific—at least no such problems as seem to threaten peace in the future. And Great Britain comes to this Conference as an ally and partner of Japan. Occasioned by the threat of Russia in the Far East, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has ceased to serve its original purpose. If there is any danger of friction in the Far East, it is evident that Japan is likely to be on the one side and the United States on the other. In coming, therefore, to the Conference as an ally and partner of Japan, Great Britain has incurred further suspicion. Her partnership with Japan would not be quite so significant if it were merely a survival of an earlier arrangement. But it is more than that. This past summer Great Britain had the opportunity of notifying Japan that she intended to terminate that treaty. According to the terms of the treaty, it would then have had a year longer to run. Though still bound by the treaty, Great Britain would then have come to the Conference freer to speak her mind than she is. This is recognized by English observers. The London "Spectator," which is by no means radical and is thoroughly British in its feeling, has expressed its regret at the situation in which Great Britain has allowed itself to be placed. "Our readers know," says the "Spectator," "that in our opinion the first thing we should have done by way of preparation was to denounce the Japanese Treaty, not because we had any kind of quarrel with Japan—far from it—but because we ought to have made it our business to go into the Conference with our hands quite untied and without any trace of prejudice."

There are many Americans who understand why the British Government has preferred to leave the Anglo-Japanese Alliance undisturbed. Most Americans, however, will not take the trouble to go into those reasons. They will simply note the fact that Great Britain is a partner of Japan.

It does not improve the situation that Great Britain came out of the war as the greatest gainer from the war. Nobody can overlook the fact that Britain's loss in men and in morale was severe. Her labor troubles at home, her difficulties with Ireland, her anxieties concerning India, her futile attempts to parley with the Russian Bolsheviki, her failure to retain the confidence of France, are all losses due to the war, but none the less severe because they belong in a large measure to the category which Bismarck termed "the imponderables." You cannot weigh confidence. There is no yardstick by which to measure common sense. Materially, however, Great Britain's gains have been considerably more than those of any other participant in the World War. Her gains in real wealth and in potential wealth are incalculable. German colonies that have fallen to her lot have insured to her a Cape-to-Cairo route which makes her position in Africa virtually supreme. Her gains in the Near East are obvious. The threat to Egypt is removed. Islands that have been committed to her under the mandate of the League of Nations, even though nominally assigned to the Dominions, are additional resources of the Empire. Besides these and other actual gains, she has been relieved of a great naval and commercial rival. When Germany's navy was destroyed and Germany's merchant ships were scattered among the Allies, Great Britain was by all odds the chief gainer. She has come out of the war very well indeed. Compared with France, her situation is enviable. When a nation prospers in this fashion from war, it requires some charity or tolerance or exceptional intelligence on the

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part of other nations to avoid a measure of distrust. At any rate, Great Britain's popularity has not, as a result of the Treaty of Versailles, been greatly enhanced. This is a fact which friends as well as foes of Great Britain recognize. It is a fact that may be deplored, but a fact nevertheless.

Nor has the situation been improved by Great Britain's attitude. Admiration for the successes of British diplomacy is perfectly consistent with irritation because of it. Of all the nations of the world to-day there is none whose diplomacy has proved on the whole quite so successful as Britain's. Her course has almost invariably been "correct." Whatever purposes may be ascribed to certain British politicians and diplomatists, Great Britain, on the face of the record, went into the war in defense of international law and the rights of a small nation. I can testify that the face of the record correctly interprets the spirit of the British people, for I was in England at the time. It is therefore the more creditable to Great Britain that she made her good purpose plain in the records of her action. Thus skill in the diplomatic game has brought her advantages which she has not perhaps well earned. She succeeded, for instance, in making a treaty with the United States which is so phrased that she can claim it limits the American Government's control over its own coastwise vessels. It is not likely that British diplomats would have contracted a treaty which permitted America to have control over British coastwise traffic. All that is to the credit of Great Britain; but it does not increase the affection of other peoples for her. The boy at school who is always right is not necessarily always popular. Great Britain is almost always right diplomatically, and she has the capacity for combining idealism with profit. In the dispute over Fiume it was the idealists that did the talking on behalf of the rights of the new Jugoslav nation, but the commercial and marine interests of Great Britain were concerned with Jugoslav success. The doctrine expressed in Hebrew literature that the righteous shall flourish seems to be vindicated by Britain's experience. The British Liberal seems to have the instinct of idealizing the British commercial interests. In this I do not wish to imply that the British deliberately camouflage a profitable enterprise with preachments; but there are many people in the world who think the British do. A German has characterized this trait in the British. Dr. E. Daniels, who is a German political essayist, has written concerning this trait:

> In waging war the English have at all times been accustomed to represent the interests for which they have fought as universal interests. It is not necessary to impute to them hypocrisy in this. In any case they have done it quite as much for their own inspiration as for that of others.[1]

This very trait in the English gives them an appearance of self-complacency which undoubtedly misrepresents them, and, when combined with their sportsmanship and their great sense of fair play, inclines them to be more sentimental over the troubles of their enemies than over the troubles of their friends. Book after book, article after article, by British writers express concern for Germany. It is hard to find corresponding concern in English writing for France. This trait, which is of great credit to the British heart, has led a friend of mine to remark that the British seem to like being killed.

Thus, apart from Irish-American prejudice against the English and the "ancient grudge" of the Yankee against the Redcoat, there is in the minds of many Americans some distrust of Britain. When the British delegates come to Washington, though they will receive a cordial welcome and will be regarded of course as the envoys of a friendly Power, they will encounter some suspicion because of the British navy, because of the gains which Britain had from the war, because of the uniform success of British diplomacy, because of the curious skill of the British in combining profits with idealism, and because of the apparent willingness of the British to forget their friends in concern for their enemies.

Much of the suspicion of Britain in America would be allayed if all the facts were taken into consideration.

It is true that the British navy is bigger and better balanced than our own or that of any other country in the world. It is estimated, however, that by 1924 capital ships of the British navy will be surpassed in numbers by ours, and greatly surpassed in fighting efficiency. The "Scientific American" for November presents, in an article by J. Bernard Walker, figures which seem to demonstrate that, measured by displacement efficiency (by which there is taken into account not only size but also age, defensive armor, and gun power), the tonnage of capital ships in the United States navy will in 1924 be 815,467 as against that of the British navy of 447,469 and that of Japan of 400,806—the American navy thus equaling (so far as capital ships carrying guns of more than twelve-inch caliber are concerned) that of Great Britain and Japan combined. It is pointed out in that article that this is not the only test, and that our navy, unless our plans are changed, will be unbalanced, lacking certain elements necessary for modern warfare which the British navy will have. Nevertheless in the matter of sheer fighting power the British, even with the ships which they are undertaking now to build, will have in three years a navy inferior to ours. If, therefore, suspicion of a country is justified because of the size and power of its navy, it does not seem quite good sense for Americans to suspect the British.

The British navy, moreover, is not a navy of a single nation; it is a navy of the five nations of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, besides serving as the navy of Egypt, of that immense group of principalities known as India, and of other provinces and colonies and islands, with a population of 450,000,000 people.

This navy, furthermore, is not the arm of a despotic Power. It is rather the tool of a commonwealth of free people who themselves are intolerant of tyranny. The history of the British navy has been one of incalculable benefit to the world. Americans are prone to forget that even in 1812, when we had a just grievance against England's naval methods, the British navy was employed in curtailing the power of Napoleon I, who was endeavoring to dominate the world much as the Kaiser attempted to do in our own time. In particular, the service of the British navy in this past war ought to be fresh enough in the minds of Americans to need no justification. We know well enough that the American navy will never be used as an instrument of domination, and the spirit of the American navy was so much like that of the spirit of the British navy that when our fleet worked with the British Grand Fleet and our destroyers were placed under the command of a British admiral the co-operation was as perfect as if the two navies were the joint navy of a common country. The spirit of that navy is well exemplified by a fact expressed by the English "Outlook" as follows: "It is the Admiralty, and not Downing Street, that is working hard and faithfully to bring to fruition the American limitation of armament scheme. The First Lord, who will go to Washington with his staff, is in earnest, and is determined that nothing shall be done or left undone by his experts to jeopardize the chances of an agreement that, if reached, will lift an intolerable burden from this country and from the world."

It is well, too, to remember that the British navy is necessary for the existence of an island nation which is the head of a far-flung Empire. To Great Britain shipping is vital. How vital it is the submarine piracy of Germany dur-

[1] Quoted by William Harbutt Dawson in "Problems of the Peace."

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ing the war proved. It is not greed but self-preservation that is the motive power behind British foreign trade. A correspondent of the London "Spectator" points out that before the war British shipping as compared with American shipping was eighteen to one. That means that so far as her trade was concerned Britain had eighteen times the need for a navy that America had.

In the war, therefore, Great Britain risked more than any other country. She was vulnerable at more points than any other country. Colossal as the defeat of Germany has been, it is as nothing compared with the ruin that would have befallen Great Britain if the victory had gone the other way. It is perhaps, therefore, not altogether unreasonable that Great Britain should have gained greatly by the war. Having proved herself a competent colonial Power, capable of defending an Empire extending into all parts of the world, Britain may have some excuse for thinking she has proved herself most capable of administering the territories that have fallen to her and enjoying what seems almost like a monopoly of the ocean-carrying business. It has been said that those who have been faithful over a few things are to be made rulers over many, and that to every one that hath shall be given. If the British apply this to themselves, we have no business to throw stones at them, for we have taken to ourselves some credit for our own service to the world and are not far behind the British in self-righteousness. We have only to read American speeches and editorials printed during the Conference in Paris to be reminded that American appreciation of American motives is quite as keen as the British appreciation of British motives.

If we are irritated by the success (generally justified) of British diplomacy, we may at least take satisfaction in the fact that whatever Britain has gained in that manner has been by straight diplomacy and not by the admixture of British hyphenism. It has been estimated by the United States Census that over fifty million Americans can trace their origin back to England, Scotland, and Wales. But these people have not created any hyphenate problem in this country. If in the Clayton-Bulwer and the Hay-Pauncefote Treaties England got the better of the bargain, it was not because the English-Americans used their influence in that direction; it was because the British diplomats were a little keener than the American diplomats were.

As to Britain's alliance with Japan, there is something to be said in explanation of Britain's refusal to throw Japan over. At least in respect to Great Britain there is no question that Japan has fulfilled her obligations. She has been, so far as any facts are publicly known, Britain's loyal ally. It is not to be expected that Britain would wantonly affront an ally such as that. The British possessions in China, her islands in the Pacific, her trade routes, her Dominions in and upon the Pacific, make it necessary for Britain to be on her guard against any disturbance in the Far East and to maintain as far as possible good relations with the greatest of the Oriental Powers. In any rivalry with Japan the United States would have the sympathy of Australia and New Zealand. But that fact hardly warrants Great Britain in discarding Japan like an old shoe. There is nothing unfriendly in bringing a terminable treaty to a termination; and there is good reason for thinking that Great Britain might well have terminated, or to have served notice on Japan that at the end of the year she would not renew, the alliance. But the fact that Great Britain has not done so is no reason for regarding her attitude toward the United States as anything but friendly.

In fact, no probable situation can array Great Britain against the United States. Before the war Britain's object was to retain a position which would enable her to turn the balance of power in Europe in the direction of peace. To-day it is not the balance of power in Europe that is the question; it is the balance of power in the world. Heretofore the United States could remain to one side, for her interests were not European. To-day that is impossible. Whether Americans wish it or not, the United States is a factor in this world balance; and in regard to that world balance the interests of America are identical with those of Great Britain.

President Harding in his speech last week at Yorktown, Va., the scene of Cornwallis's surrender, expressed something more than a commonplace when he said:

> We must not claim for the New World, certainly not for our colonies alone, all the liberal thought of a century and a half ago. There were liberal views and attending sympathy in England and a passionate devotion to more liberal tendencies in France. The triumph of freedom in the American colonies greatly strengthened liberal views in the Old World. Inevitably this liberal public opinion, deliberate and grown dominant, brought Great Britain and America to a policy of accommodation and pacific adjustment for all our differences. There has been honorable and unbroken peace for more than a century, we came to common sacrifice and ensanguined association in the World War, and a future breach of our peaceful and friendly relations is unthinkable. In the trusteeship of preserving civilization we were naturally arrayed together, and the convictions of a civilization worthy of that costly preservation will exalt peace and warn against conflict for all time to come.

In spite of the incidental friction between the United States and Great Britain (which is one of the consequences of the manner in which peace after the World War was constructed), the reasons for Anglo-American co-operation are conclusive. With such co-operation Great Britain could be left free to police the Atlantic, provided our navy were used for policing the Pacific. The combined navies thus used would render it needless for either to be as big as it otherwise would have to be. Before the war Great Britain had an understanding with France by which Great Britain's navy was withdrawn from the Mediterranean for the purpose of concentrating its strength in the North, while the Mediterranean was left under the guardianship of France. That arrangement proved to be the salvation of both Great Britain and France when Germany broke loose. A similar arrangement between America and Great Britain may be the salvation of both nations. In the second place, America's interests and Great Britain's are virtually identical in the Far East. Neither has land hunger. Both would profit by the maintenance and observance of the "Open Door." In principles of domestic common law the two countries are at one; for the same reason they are at one in understanding the general principles of international law. Most important of all is that the two nations have essentially the same object in government—the defense of the institutions of free government.

If ever the balance of the world should be disturbed by such an alliance as Professor Kuno, the Japanese professor whose letter is printed in this issue, and Mr. Julian Street, the American authority on Japan, whose letter follows Professor Kuno's, both anticipate as possible, the association of Great Britain and the United States would be imperative. Nothing should be done at this time to render such an association in the future difficult.

It has been suggested that possibly Great Britain can render a service to the United States by bringing about a better understanding with Japan. That seems to be Mr. P. W. Wilson's idea as expressed in his article on another page. If this is so, conversely the United States may serve Great Britain in this Conference by bringing about a better understanding between her and France. This may be one of the ways by which the two English-speaking nations may put into practice their common aim of co-operation.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

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WITH THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE FROM THE BRITISH STANDPOINT

BY P. W. WILSON

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "DAILY NEWS"

HAVING recently crossed the ocean and visited both London and Washington, I am able, perhaps, to offer an estimate of the British attitude towards the momentous Conference about to be held at the invitation of the United States. In view of the grave issues involved, I may be forgiven if I avoid mere propaganda, so sternly condemned by President Harding in his letter to the pressmen gathered at Honolulu, and deal with what I believe to be the cold and inescapable truth. It will be realized, I am sure, that Britain is to-day much preoccupied with her domestic troubles, and especially with strikes, unemployment, and Ireland, and that her people have been able as yet to devote only half their minds to the real meaning of the assemblage for which Washington is preparing her hospitality. If you were to ask the man in the street on the other side what he thinks of the matter, he would answer probably that he knows nothing about American politics and has never understood why the United States, if she really wants smaller armaments and an effective voice in the future of mandated territories, does not join the League of Nations and make her wishes known and her great influence felt at Geneva. This is roughly the view, expressed of course with a more suitable tact, which would be advanced by supporters of the League like Viscount Grey, Lord Robert Cecil, General Smuts, or Mr. Newton Rowell of Canada. And to such an opinion the man in the street is now adding day by day a suspicion, gleaned from his morning paper, that the United States and Japan have divergent policies in the Pacific Ocean and that something sometime will have to be done about it. Over inner Mongolia and the island of Yap, however, the average Englishman is not yet excited. He has endured five years of war and three years of armistice, and Vladivostok seems to him still a long way off Poplar, where the unemployed are becoming riotous, and from the football fields, where they sometimes forget about it. About communities there is usually a restraining inertia which has its value when international differences threaten to become acute.

It is, however, in no casual spirit that the statesmen and diplomatists of the British Commonwealth approach their deliberations on this Conference. They know well what are the issues involved in its success or failure, and they do not attempt to conceal their solicitude. They have learned too much of the Senate to suppose that the United States will enter the League of Nations—at any rate, until other and more urgent problems are settled. That proposal could be revived only if and when the Conference has proved that Far Eastern problems can be solved by negotiation. There is a good deal of doubt over what President Harding means by an association as distinct from a league of nations. If the idea is similar to that brought forward at Geneva by M. Benes, of Czechoslovakia—namely, that each continent should have its association and that the associations, European, American, Asiatic, and so on, should form the league—then Britain, with her Empire already decentralized, would not have any strong reason for objecting; it would be giving to each continent a Monroe Doctrine. But one may be forgiven for asking whether an association of this kind for Asia would not be tantamount to handing over to Japan just that influence over China to which objection is taken at Washington. Is it not a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East that Japan is seeking and that the United States does not see her way to concede?

It is said that armaments will be limited only when three preliminary objects have been secured by diplomacy. These are: first, a safe frontier for France; secondly, assured trade routes for Britain; and, thirdly, a place in the sun for Japan. Responsible opinion in Britain does not believe that France is in danger to-day from attack by Germany or that in the near future any such danger will develop unless Germany is driven to desperation. At the same time, our statesmen made it clear at Paris that if a guaranty of the frontier would enable France to abolish conscription and reduce her army and her taxes, such a treaty would be signed—as, indeed, it has been in London—provided that the other guarantor were the United States. This Anglo-American guaranty fell through with the other arrangements made for the United States by President Wilson at Paris, but there is no reason to believe that Britain would fail to abide by her share of the bargain if French persuasions in this country lead the Administration and the Senate to accept the same joint liability. This is not, however, a matter in which Britain entertains any illusions. We have been spectators of the mission undertaken earlier this year by M. Viviani. It did not seem to us to be fruitful of results. It is obviously a serious matter for the free democracies of the New World to underwrite an apparently unending series of next wars in the Old World. As spokesmen for the Dominions, the British Foreign Office has had to use plain language to France, which has not been and could not have been palatable to that nation. It would cause us surprise, therefore, if France were to receive her guaranty at Washington, whether on its merits or as the price of proffered support to the United States in her discussions with Japan.

The fact is that, in our opinion, neither the French frontier nor the British trade routes present the immediate case with which the Conference must deal. It is in the Far East that the real issues clamor for adjustment. The Power which to-day is out of touch with democracy is, not Germany any longer, but Japan. And the attitude of Britain towards Japan becomes, therefore, a matter of critical importance. In past years there were men in England of perilously defective eyesight who confessedly valued the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as a makeweight against what they considered to be the growing military and economic predominance of the United States. Happily, that madness has been eliminated from the counsels of the British Commonwealth by the outspoken comments of the Imperial Conference—especially of General Smuts and Mr. Meighen. There is not, nor ought there ever to have been—if, indeed, there ever was—any question of playing off Japan against an English-speaking Power. If to-day there are two views held by the British in respect of the Alliance, it is because of far other considerations. One assumes of course that by the Alliance would be meant a treaty so amended as to leave Britain free to act at all times with the United States, and, if necessary, against Japan in her differences with the United States, whether in peace or war. The only question is therefore whether a treaty so modified should or should not be continued beyond its present term. Those who desire this argue that the treaty could not involve us in trouble with the United States, while it would form a useful link between the East and the West, so likely otherwise to drift apart. They also use the argument that the treaty prevents Japan from threatening India with internal propaganda and Australia and New Zealand with actual aggression, which explains doubtless why Australia and New Zealand, exposed to the Pacific, support the Alliance on certain conditions.

On the other side, it is urged that the treaty, so far from restraining the militarists of Japan, has been used by them as a weapon in their dealings with China and with Korea; that, so far from bringing East and West into friendly contact, it has alienated China and Korea from Britain, and that as for India, while she entertains nationalist

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aims, she will never "kill King Charles to make his ally, Prince James, the King." In other words, India would like nothing worse than to exchange England for Japan as suzerain. There remains one reason, and only one reason, for the present brief and nominal extension of the treaty. Japan is in fact taking part in the Conference. She has in fact accepted the agenda as proposed by the United States. She has refrained from raising the thorny questions of race equality and immigration into English-speaking but thinly populated territories. She declares her willingness to come to terms over Shantung and eastern Siberia. She professes zeal for a limitation of armaments. On paper her behavior is thus strictly correct, and it is maintained by her that no objection can be taken to it on diplomatic grounds. Her cause is therefore *sub judice*. Like every defendant, she is entitled to a fair hearing. The brusque denunciation of the treaty in advance of the Conference might so bitterly exacerbate Japanese sentiment as to make it impossible for her delegates to meet the Powers with reason and moderation. The aim of the Conference, as Britain understands it, is not to antagonize Japan—antagonisms are already only too evident—but to win her confidence, and with it her assent to an equitable settlement in Asia.

The attitude of the Administration is, as we see it, firm on main issues but considerate of Japanese susceptibilities. At the receptions granted by the President and his Ministers to newspaper correspondents Japanese journalists are invited to attend, and they hear all that is said. No conspiracy against their country could be fomented without their knowing it. And it is obvious that, in actual fact, there is no such conspiracy. The latest reports seem to indicate, however, that Japanese opinion has been somewhat inflamed and that the task before the Conference is hardly likely to be an easy one. Mr. Asquith once quoted in my hearing the remark of William Pitt, that the supreme virtue of a statesman is patience. The British are fully reconciled to the idea of a long Conference, and they will, I am convinced, do all they can to prevent the Conference breaking up or breaking down unless and until its task of securing the peace of the world has been accomplished. In our judgment, for the Conference, having been thus called, to separate without result would be a world-wide disaster, the very bankruptcy of wisdom in civilized counsels.

Questions have been raised by the United States which, so raised, must go forward to a decision, whether by negotiation or otherwise. That is why the mere calling of a Conference like this is an event of such far-reaching significance. It is a step from which there can be no return to the previous situation. It means that after the Conference things must be either very much better or very much worse. They can never be the same as they were before the Conference. The position is one which should sober all who have to deal with it. For any country to play politics with it is for that country to play the criminal to all mankind. If it were to come to a dispute between the United States and Japan, the whole world would suffer, as the whole world is suffering to-day and will suffer for many a long day from the failure of statesmanship in the year 1914.

The only interest that Britain has in this matter, or at least the interest that for her absorbs every other, is this—that peace should be preserved. Her uneasiness over the Conference is due to the fear that peace may be dependent on its results. That is the real reason and the only reason why she has learned with surprise of the recent vote in the Senate over the Panama Tolls Bill. She has her own view of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty; but, assuming that her view is wrong, is this quite the time to complicate a diplomatic situation which should send every statesman concerned to his knees before the God of Battles and the Prince of Peace? We in Britain have drunk to the dregs the meaning of modern war and we have learned the emptiness of victory. We have formed the conclusion that for our friends, often our kith and kin in the United States, there has never dawned and there never will dawn a day fraught with more solemn meaning than Armistice Day, November 11, now at hand. It is not the Unknown Soldier from French soil alone who will be buried—the fate of countless Unknown Soldiers in years to come will be decided.

This is a business which for neutrals, and especially for the British Commonwealth, has a profound meaning. If there were to be trouble in the Pacific, the delicate fabric of British influence in Egypt and in India would be subjected to new strains, just when there is a hope of developing within those countries the sound traditions of constitutional liberty. India's small army would have to be largely increased by drafts from England, where the people think that they have had their share of modern military service. The navy would have to be on active duty in Australasian waters. In addition to all this, there would arise the far-reaching question whether the British Commonwealth, with its numerous elements, divided by race and distance and color, should enter the conflict as a belligerent. Such belligerency, if entered into, could be only on the side of the United States. But we might feel none the less that the "Open Door" in China is not a cause which for us would be worth so terrible a sacrifice. If, however, we remained neutral, we should not escape the general and world-wide chaos which a struggle between the United States and Japan would inevitably bring upon all mankind. Our manufacturers would be asked to supply munitions to both sides. That would doubtless restore our sterling exchange and enable us rapidly to repay our debt to the United States, where of course taxation for the next fifty years would be doubled by a successful war against Japan, just as our taxation has been multiplied fivefold by a successful war against Germany. Commercially, therefore, we should enjoy through the war this gain, if so it may be called, over the United States. But there would be for us, as there was for the United States in the years 1914, 1915, and 1916, a grave and increasing anxiety on the ocean. It would be on the high seas that the conflict would develop. Not only would our ships be sunk, but our sailors would be killed. We could not export munitions to the belligerents, which—failing blockade—would be our right as a neutral, without causing deep anger, which would be answered by our own emotions over unrestricted warfare on our trade routes. If a case for so appalling an arbitrament is made out, we must submit to whatever comes; but, with other nations not less vitally interested, we do feel that this is not a matter in which the public opinion of the world should be left out of account, either by the United States or by Japan, with whom lies the decision.

In 1914 things were hurried to their final disaster with diabolical secrecies and insane impetuosity. At Washington there is no ultimatum and no time limit and no essential concealment. Statesmen and newspapers can look at the tremendous alternatives with a full sense of responsibility. It has been held by Mr. Woodrow Wilson that the late war would never have broken out if there had been time for the nations to learn the truth. To-day peace has time on her side. It will be for the United States, as we think, to prove to Japan that there is in the doctrine of the "Open Door" nothing that will injure her industrial progress or deprive her of raw materials, of metals, and of a market for finished products, and that political penetration of a reluctant China can never be permanent. It will be for Japanese militarists, as we think, to recall and engrave upon their consciences the words uttered by Sir Edward Grey to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador on July 23, 1914, when he said that a war then mentioned in chancelleries

> would involve the expenditure of so vast a sum of money, and such an interference with trade, that [such] a war would be accompanied or followed by a complete collapse of European credit and industry. In these days, in great industrial states, this would mean a state of things worse than that of 1848, and, irrespective of who were victors in the war, many things would be entirely swept away.

The Elder Statesmen of Austria-Hungary would not listen, nor would their Emperor. Divine right did not save the Emperor and his successor from ignominious nemesis nor the Elder Statesmen from irretrievable ruin. Both Elder Statesmen and Emperor have been swept off the map. Would that they had been wiser before the event!

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JAPAN AT THE CONFERENCE

THE OUTLOOK in its issue of October 12, 1921, published an editorial by Ernest Hamlin Abbott entitled "Japan at the Conference." Advance proof of this editorial was sent by Mr. Pulsifer, of the Outlook staff, to certain authorities on the questions at issue. Three of the most significant replies which he received are published herewith.

I—JAPAN AND HER NEIGHBORS

A LETTER FROM HIS EXCELLENCY THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR

JAPANESE EMBASSY
Washington
October 19, 1921.

To the Editors, The Outlook,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Attention: Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer.
Gentlemen:

Thank you for your letter of the 7th October, giving me the opportunity to see the editorial "Japan at the Conference," by Mr. Abbott.

So thorough an understanding of the state of mind in America as it affects the relations between your country and mine cannot fail to do good when it is set forth clearly, as in this editorial.

It reveals an open mind, and I venture, therefore, to think that it might be helpful to you to have a direct indication of the Japanese point of view, and I shall try to give it to you.

America's fear that Japan is to present a policy of aggressiveness, backed by consciousness of her fighting strength, will be set at rest when the country learns that Japan entertains no ambitions conflicting in any way with the policies of the "Open Door" and the maintenance of territorial integrity in China. To this policy all of the Great Powers, including Japan, are committed: witness the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

It is a great pity that so little is known here of the China policy adopted and repeatedly affirmed by Japan. The history of it is public property, but the American public—even that part of it the business of which is writing on matters of political importance—does not seem to have used it fully. This history will again be set before the world at the Conference, and Japan has no doubt that if it is read and digested America and the other friendly Powers will indorse the Japanese position as marked by both justice and generosity.

Japan, in "emerging from a period of isolation and a system of feudalism into close contact with a Western world governed by a system of industrialism," has necessarily had a great deal to learn. Her teachers of Western manners and systems have been those nations with whom she is now dealing, and if Japan is beginning to realize that some of the lessons she learned so painstakingly must now be unlearned, she is surely deserving rather sympathy than censure.

Bain

BARON SHIDEHARA

The spirit, however, that animates Japan is human. She is sensitive and resents injustice. She is proud of her progress, which has been won through her own efforts and perseverance, at heavy cost and sacrifice. She is shy, and has not yet overcome her natural reluctance to advertise her good deeds. Most humanly she desires the good opinion of the other progressive nations. In other words, she has no desire to place herself in opposition to those nations in matters of principle nor to court their disapproval and suspicion by adopting a position inimical to the general welfare.

From the economic point of view Japan knows fully as well as any other nation the dreadful weight of war, and, with a close knowledge of her own economic limitations, she is not so foolish as to desire to shoulder such a burden.

Perhaps matters would be helped and some of the distrust and uncertainty would be dissipated that now poison the feeling toward Japan if America could recognize the fact that Japan has not finished progressing. She is still learning and developing. As she advances in knowledge and the practice of international affairs, the chances will diminish of her repeating such blunders as she may have made in the past.

Our feeling is that mutual understanding is the best defense against conflict. We wish to learn more—all that we can learn—of America and of her dominant motives, and we wish America to know all about us. For the accomplishment of this desire we welcome the forthcoming Conference as a first-class school, where we can all, if the pace is set, speak our minds frankly.

The peace of the world needs us all, and God knows that the world, including Japan, needs peace.

Japan is not seeking conquest. She feels that she has reached the place among modern nations where she can do her part to help backward nations. But Japan is seeking the right to live—on a basis of free interchange of ideas, so that the best may be available to herself and to the other nations. This, of course, cannot be unless a clear understanding of each by the others removes all matter of suspicion and all idea that any nation may force or bully any other.

As your editorial so justly points out, no one can expect "Japan to abandon means necessary for her preservation as an independent sovereign Power."

When we know one another well, there will be an end to that fear of the unfamiliar which is common to us all.

Very sincerely yours,

K. SHIDEHARA.

II—THE PROMISE OF DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR KUNO, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Department of
Oriental Languages and Literature
Berkeley, California
October 16, 1921.

Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer,
The Outlook Co.,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of yours of October 8 inclosing advanced pages of The Outlook of October 12 giving the article "Japan at the Conference," by Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott. I have been a regular subscriber to The Outlook for many years, and have always felt gratified that you had such splendid men on your staff as Mr. Abbott and Mr. Mason. Eighty per cent of Mr. Mason's article that appeared in the "Metropolitan" was identical with an article of mine which was at that time in course of preparation.

In commenting upon Mr. Abbott's article, I would say that I am grateful to him for having quoted several passages from my recent book. However, I am somewhat disappointed because he said nothing about the general tendency of Japan, in dealing with her people at home, with the Koreans, and with the Chinese, to adopt democratic principles.

It is a traditional belief in Japan that in the third generation from the founda-

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tion of any new kind of government the government will either fall or rise. For instance, in the first Shogunate Government at the end of the third Shogunate, that Government practically came to an end. In the third generation of the second Shogunate the prospects became very bright, though Japan entered into her darkest period shortly afterward. Still this same Shogunate remained in power over two hundred and fifty years. In the third generation of the third Shogunate, which Shogunate began in 1603, the Government was strongly founded and ruled Japan nearly three hundred years. The real foundation of Japan was laid during the rule of the third Shogunate. This tradition seems to be not without foundation in Europe also. For instance, the Empire of Charlemagne was disintegrated under the rule of the third generation. In France Napoleon III witnessed the fall of the Empire. Kaiser Wilhelm is but another example.

Now Japan is about to enter upon a period of the rule of the third generation since the founding of modern Japan by the Emperor Mutsuhito. The present Emperor, being ill, is incapable of continuing administrative work, and may soon be succeeded by his son. The Crown Prince, who will therefore be the ruler of the third generation, has had democratic principles from boyhood. He has now grown to manhood, and after a sojourn of several months in Europe his boyhood ideas regarding the benefits of democracy have been strengthened.

Therefore the outlook in Japan is bright. Mr. Abbott overlooked this aspect.

Now as to the Genro, at present there are but four: viz., Yamagata, Matsugata, Saionji, and Okuma. No one can deny that Yamagata is the moving spirit among the Genro. He is a gilt-edge militarist. However, he is aged and his days of influence are numbered. Matsugata is a financier who laid the foundation of the present system of currency in Japan. Therefore he is concerned not with militarism but with material improvement. Both he and his sons are interested in shipping and manufacturing. Saionji is a man who in early boyhood was educated in France. He is retiring in nature and devotes himself more to literary work than to politics. Marquis Okuma, formerly Count Okuma, is the greatest bluffer that Japan ever produced. The Japanese call him Taigen Haku, which means "the Bluffer Count." This is in strong contrast to the appellation applied to Prince Ito, who was known as Kempo Haku, "Count Constitution." Although the power of the Genro is steadily declining, still they even yet constitute the power behind the throne. The characteristics of these four Genro enable one to predict in a measure the future tendencies of Japan. Only one is strongly militaristic.

The present Premier, Hara, is the first Premier ever appointed by an Emperor of Japan from among the leaders of the political party controlling the House of Representatives in Japan. Although a comparison with Lloyd George would be both audacious and far-fetched, still Hara is one of the strongest and most capable Premiers Japan has had since the adoption of the Constitution. He is thoroughly democratic in principle.

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words about the Japanese delegates to the Disarmament Conference. Prince Tokugawa, who heads the delegation, is the adopted son of the last Shogun of the third Shogunate Government, which fell in 1867. Soon after the change of government he went to England, where he received a university education. He also visited America several times. He is a man of great common sense, and at present he is President of the House of Peers. The person next in prominence among the delegates is Admiral Kato. Although he is a military man, he is broad-minded and capable. Even before President Harding sent invitations to the Disarmament Conference, he advocated disarmament in Japan provided the United States would also take some step in that direction. Such being the case, the success of the Disarmament Conference in so far as Japan is concerned will, in my opinion, largely depend upon how much interest the United States manifests in affairs in China. I strongly desire that America bear in mind in all negotiations that China, as well as Japan, has a dual system of diplomacy.

Both of these systems are fully discussed in Chapter VII of "What Japan Wants." Yours very truly,

YOSHI S. KUNO.

III—THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF JAPAN

A LETTER FROM JULIAN STREET, AUTHOR OF "MYSTERIOUS JAPAN"

Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

I have read Ernest Abbott's article on Japan and think well of it in almost all particulars. There are two points, however, upon which I would like to comment. On page 209 he says:

> The United States may be envied and in some quarters disliked, but is not anywhere suspected of aggressive military ambitions.

This I do not think is correct. We are suspected of just such ambitions by many persons in Japan. I have had it out with highly intelligent Japanese who consider us militaristic and imperialistic. They look with alarm upon our large fleet and upon our naval building programme.

Although the Japanese fleet is weaker than hours numerically and in tonnage, it is better balanced, and, if it came to war, the Japanese fleet would be quite capable of taking care of itself. Naval opinion of the strength of the two fleets is to be found in Hector Bywater's "Sea Power in the Pacific," a new book (by an Englishman) which is sound so far as it goes.

Of course to say that the Japanese navy is better balanced than our own is not to cast any aspersions upon the intelligence, ability, and professional skill of our naval officers. The fault lies with Congress and the American people.

Another thing: I do not think that the possibility of a future alliance between Russia, Japan, and Germany is as improbable as Mr. Abbott's hopeful anticipations would seem to indicate. It is to me a very real possibility. Whether or not such an alliance comes into being depends, I believe, largely on what our attitude toward Japan is to be, and what agreements can be reached.

As far as I can learn, the Japanese *people* are keen for a limitation of armament because it is hoped this will permit lower taxation. The militarists, of course, are not; and generally, since they control the Japanese press and hence Japanese public opinion, they have their own way. Perhaps they will not this time.

From the point of view of warfare, we are already at a great disadvantage in the Pacific as compared to Japan. In failing to construct naval bases at Guam and Samoa as well as on one of the Aleutian Islands we have been guilty of incredible folly. Under present conditions Japan could easily snatch the Philippines from us, and we should then be in the position of having to fight to get back something which many of us are not very keen about having, anyhow. It is even doubtful whether, if we once lost them, we could get them back. Japan, with her better balanced navy, has at present large, fast battle-cruisers which can give or refuse battle with any existing American warships. If our ships were damaged in battle on the far side of the Pacific, they would, having no base to escape to, inevitably be lost. It may be observed also that Japan's new German islands cut off our main line to the Philippines. With her Imperial Government, Japan's naval policy, linked with her military policy, has been more intelligent and consistent than our own, and the result has placed us at a strategic disadvantage.

In my judgment, the present Conference will result in no effective limitation of armaments unless such limitation is based upon an organization of nations. It does not matter much whether this organization bear the title of "League" or "Association." Nor will it suffice for the nations, even if organized, to stop building up their armies and navies. The suspecting and quarreling must also be stopped. There must be a substantial understanding and purpose to remove ill will. Sincerely yours,

Norfolk, Connecticut. JULIAN STREET.

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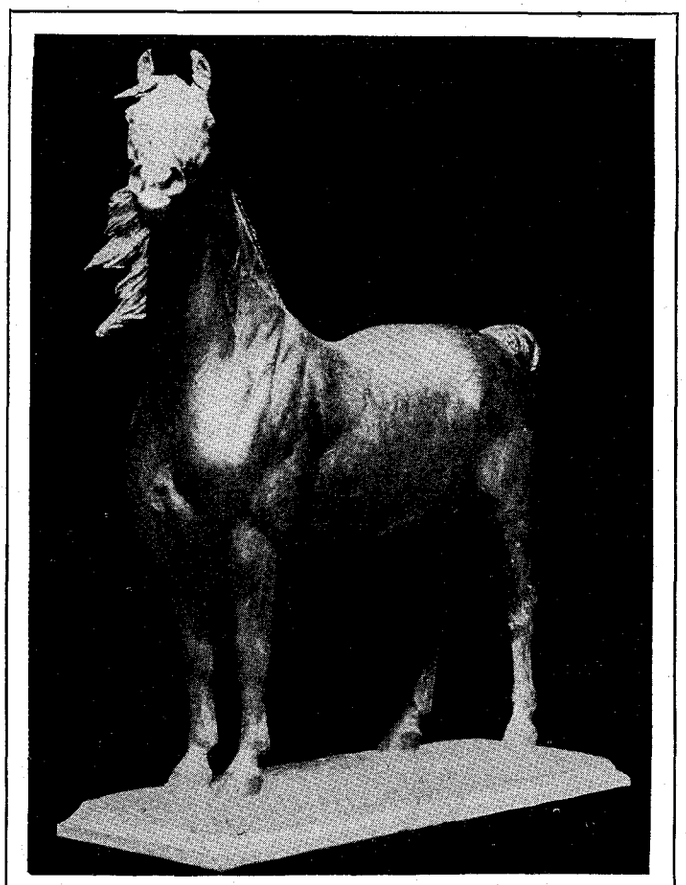
(C) Keystone

STATUE OF CLEMENCEAU IN HIS NATIVE TOWN

This interesting statue of the great French leader has just been unveiled in St. Hermine, Clemenceau's native town in La Vendée, France. M. Clemenceau was present and took part in the ceremonies



Keystone

A STATUE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF A FAMOUS HORSE

At Middlebury, Vermont, the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the famous horse called Justin Morgan was celebrated by the unveiling of a statue of the great horse. This was the first of the celebrated line of Morgan horses. The statue, by Frederick Roth, of New York, was the gift of the Morgan Horse Club of the United States to the United States Department of Agriculture, and was erected at the Department's Morgan Horse Farm in Vermont

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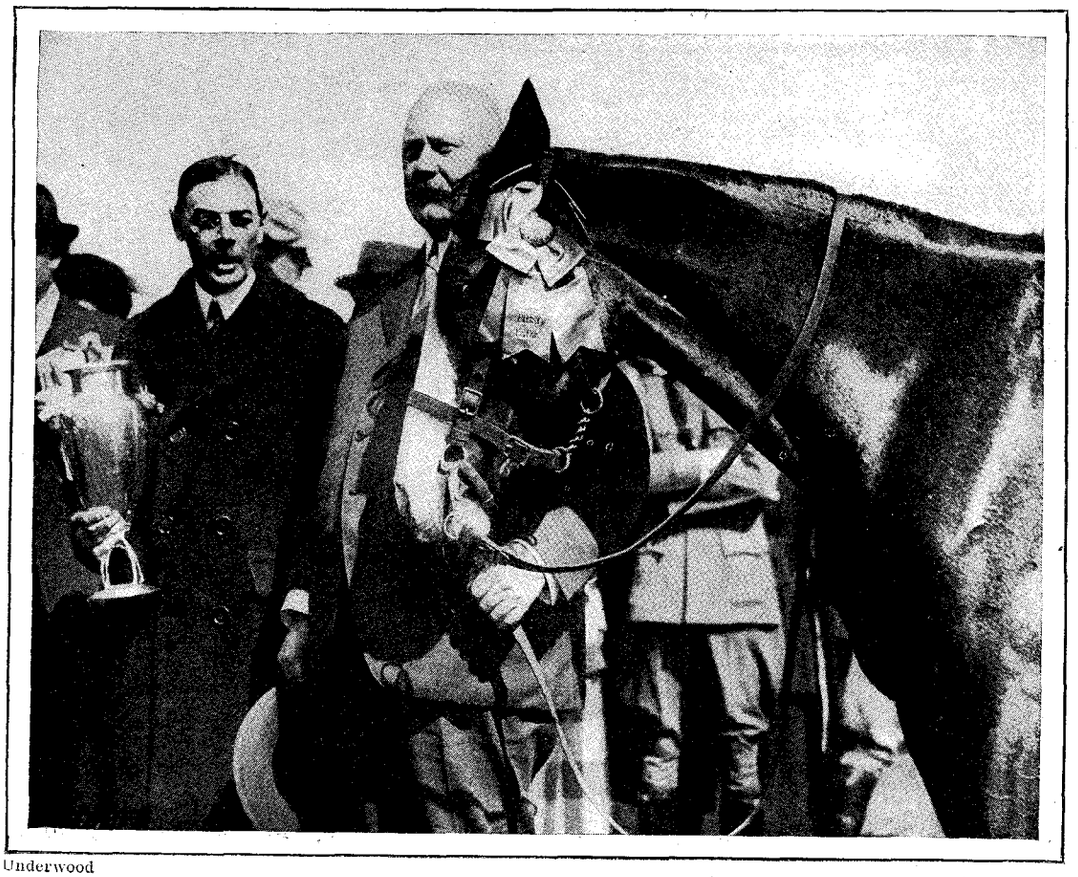
GRAND HORSES

(See this week's By the Way)

GENERAL ARMANDO DIAZ, CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN ARMY, SALUTING CROWDS IN NEW YORK CITY ON HIS ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY

General Diaz, who carried the Italian arms to success in the latter years of the war, is making a visit to this country, and has everywhere been acclaimed as one of the men who made victory in the Great War possible for the Allies

International



Underwood

SECRETARY OF WAR WEEKS AWARDS CUP IN 300-MILE ENDURANCE CONTEST

The winning horse (by points) was "Crabbet," owned by W. R. Brown, of Berlin, N. H. (at left), and ridden by E. S. Humphrey from Camp Vail to Washington, D. C. Secretary Weeks is at "Crabbet's" head

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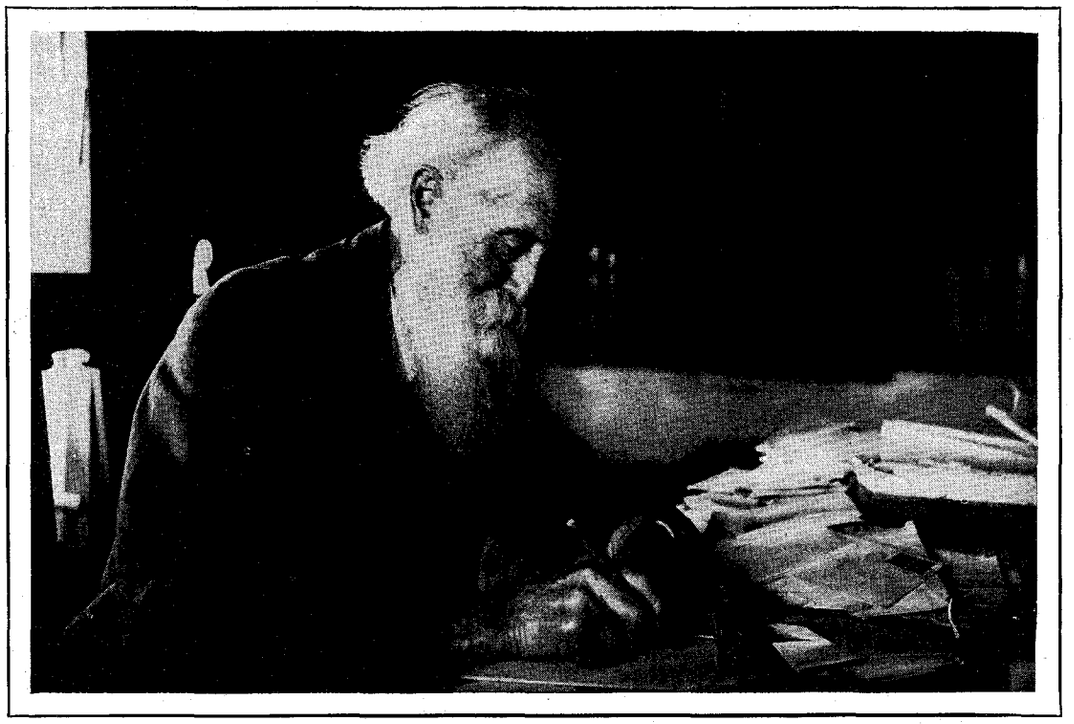
THE FALLING LEAVES

BY JOHN BURROUGHS



A CHARACTERISTIC STUDY OF THE LATE JOHN BURROUGHS

THE time of the falling of leaves has come again. Once more in our morning walk we tread upon carpets of gold and crimson, of brown and bronze, woven by the winds or the rains out of these delicate textures while we slept.

How beautifully the leaves grow old! How full of light and color are their last days! There are exceptions, of course. The leaves of most of the fruit trees fade and wither and fall ingloriously. They bequeath their heritage of color to their fruit. Upon it they lavish the hues which other trees lavish upon their leaves. The pear tree is often an exception. I have seen pear orchards in October painting a hillside in hues of mingled bronze and gold. And well may the pear tree do this, it is so chary of color upon its fruit.

But in October what a feast to the eye our woods and groves present! The whole body of the air seems enriched by their calm, slow radiance. They are giving back the light they have been absorbing from the sun all summer.

The carpet of the newly fallen leaves looks so clean and delicate when it first covers the paths and the highways that one almost hesitates to walk upon it. Was it the gallant Raleigh who threw down his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk upon? See what a robe the maples have thrown down for you and me to walk upon! How one hesitates to soil it! The summer robes of the groves and the forests—more than robes, a vital part of themselves, the myriad living nets with which they have captured, and through which they have absorbed, the energy of the solar rays. What a change when the leaves are gone, and what a change when they come again! A naked tree may be a dead tree. The dry, inert bark, the rough, wirelike twigs change but little from summer to winter. When the leaves come, what a transformation, what mobility, what sensitiveness, what expression! Ten thousand delicate veined hands reaching forth and waving a greeting to the air and light, making a union and compact with them, like a wedding ceremony. How young the old trees suddenly become, what suppleness and grace invest their branches! The leaves are a touch of immortal youth. As the cambium layer beneath the bark is the girdle of perennial youth, so the leaves are the facial expression of the same quality. The leaves have their day and die, but the last leaf that comes to the branch is as young as the first. The leaves and the blossom and the fruit of the tree come and go, yet they age not; under the magic touch of spring the miracle is repeated over and over.

The maples perhaps undergo the most complete transformation of all the forest trees. Their leaves fairly become luminous, as if they glowed with inward light. In October a maple tree before your window lights up your room like a great lamp. Even on cloudy days its presence helps to dispel the gloom. The elm, the oak, the beech, possess in a much less degree that quality of luminosity, though certain species of oak at times are rich in shades of red and bronze. The leaves of the trees just named for the most part turn brown before they fall. The great leaves of the sycamore assume a rich tan color like fine leather.

The spider weaves a net out of her own vitals with which to capture her prey, but the net is not a part of herself as the leaf is a part of the tree. The spider repairs her damaged net, but the tree never repairs its leaves. It may put forth new leaves, but it never essays to patch up the old ones. Every tree has such a superabundance of leaves that a few more or less or a few torn and bruised ones do not seem to matter. When the leaf surface is seriously curtailed, as it often is by some insect pest, or some form of leaf blight, or by the ravages of a hail-storm, the growth of the tree and the maturing of its fruit are seriously checked. To denude a tree of its foliage three years in succession usually proves fatal. The vitality of the tree declines year by year till death ensues.

To me nothing else about a tree is so remarkable as the extreme delicacy of the mechanism by which it grows and lives, the fine hairlike rootlets at the bottom and the microscopical cells of the leaves at the top. The rootlets absorb the water charged with mineral salts from the soil, and the leaves absorb the sunbeams from the air. So it looks as if the tree were almost made of matter and spirit, like man; the ether

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with its vibrations, on the one hand, and the earth with its inorganic compounds, on the other—earth salts and sunlight. The sturdy oak, the gigantic sequoias, are each equally finely organized in these parts that take hold upon nature. We call certain plants gross feeders, and in a sense they are; but all are delicate feeders in their mechanism of absorption from the earth and air.

The tree touches the inorganic world at the two finest points of its structure—at the rootlets and the leaves. These attack the great crude world of inorganic matter with weapons so fine that only the microscope can fully reveal them to us. The animal world seizes its food in masses little and big, and often gorges itself with it, but the vegetable, through the agency of the solvent power of water, absorbs its nourishment molecule by molecule.

A tree does not live by its big roots—these are mainly for strength and to hold it to the ground. How they grip the rocks, fitting themselves to them, as Lowell says, like molten metal! The tree's life is in the fine hair-like rootlets that spring from the roots. Darwin says those rootlets behave as if they had minute brains in their extremities. They feel their way into the soil, they know the elements the plant wants; some select more lime, others more potash, others more magnesia. The wheat rootlets select more silica to make the stalk, the pea rootlets select more lime; the pea does not need the silica. The individuality of plants and trees in this respect is most remarkable. The cells of each seem to know what particular elements they want from the soil, as of course they do.

The vital activity of the tree goes on at three points—in the leaves, in the rootlets, and in the cambium layer. The activity of leaf and rootlet furnishes the starchy deposit which forms this generative layer—the milky, mucilaginous girdle of matter between the outer bark and the wood through which the tree grows and increases in size. Generation and regeneration take place through this layer. I have called it the girdle of perpetual youth. It never grows old. It is annually renewed. The heart of the old apple tree may decay and disappear, indeed the tree may be reduced to a mere shell and many of its branches may die and fall, but the few apples which it still bears attest the fact that its cambium layer, at least over a part of its surface, is still youthful and doing its work. It is this layer that the yellow-bellied woodpecker, known as the sap-sucker, drills into and devours, thus drawing directly upon the vitality of the tree. But his ravages are rarely serious. Only in two instances have I seen dead branches on an apple tree that appeared to be the result of his drilling.

What we call the heart of a tree is in no sense the heart; it has no vital function, but only the mechanical one of strength and support. It adds to the tree's inertia and power to resist storms. The trunk of a tree is like a community when only one generation at a time is engaged in active business, the great mass of the population being retired and adding solidity and permanence to the social organism. The rootlets of a plant or a tree are like the laborers in the field that produce for us the raw material of our food, while the leaves are like our many devices for rendering it edible and nourishing. The rootlets continue their activity in the fall, after the leaves have fallen, and thus gorge the tree with fluid against the needs of the spring. In the growing tree or vine the sap, charged with nourishment, flows down from the top to the roots. In the spring it evidently flows upward, seeking the air through the leaves. Or rather, we may say that the crude sap always flows upward, while the nutritive sap flows downward, thus giving the tree a kind of double circulation.

A tree may be no more beautiful and wonderful when we have come to a knowledge of all its hidden processes, but it certainly is no less so. We do not think of the function of the leaves, or of the bark, or of the roots and rootlets, when we gaze upon a noble oak or an elm; we admire it for its form, its sturdiness, or its grace; it is akin to ourselves; it is the work of a vast community of cells like those that build up our own bodies; it is a fountain of living matter rising up out of the earth and splitting up and spreading out at its top in a spray of leaves and flowers; and if we could see its hidden processes we should realize how truly like a fountain it is. While in full leaf a current of water is constantly flowing through it, and flowing upward against gravity. This stream of water is truly its life current; it enters at the rootlets under the ground and escapes at the top through the leaves by a process called transpiration. All the mineral salts with which the tree builds up its woody tissues—its osseous system, so to speak—the instruments with which it imprisons and consolidates the carbon which it obtains from the air, are borne in solution in this stream of water. Its function is analogous to that of the rivers which bring the produce and other material to the great cities situated upon their banks. A cloud of invisible vapor rises from the top of every tree and a thousand invisible rills enter it through its myriad hairlike rootlets. The trees are thus conduits in the circuit of the waters from the earth to the clouds. Our own bodies and the bodies of all living things perform a similar function. Life cannot go on without water, but water is not a food; it makes the processes of metabolism possible; assimilation and elimination go on through its agency. Water and air are the two ties between the organic and the inorganic. The function of the one is mainly mechanical, that of the other is mainly chemical.

As the water is drawn in at the roots, it flows out at the top, to which point it rises by capillary attraction and a process called osmosis. Neither of them are strictly vital processes, since they are found in the inorganic world; but they are in the service of what we call a vital principle. Some physicists and biochemists laugh at the idea of a vital principle. Huxley thought we might as well talk about the principle of aqueosity in water. We are the victims of words. The sun does not shoot out beams or rays, though the eye reports such; but it certainly sends forth energy; and it is as certain that there is a new activity in matter—some matter—that we call vital.

Matter behaves in a new manner, builds up new compounds and begets myriads of new forms not found in the inorganic world, till it finally builds up the body and mind of man. Death puts an end to this activity alike in man and tree, and a new kind of activity sets in—a disorganizing activity, still with the aid of water and air and living organisms. It is like the compositor distributing his type after the book is printed. What stands for the compositor is these micro-organisms, but of a different kind from those which build up the body in the first instance. But the living body as a whole, with its complex of co-ordinating organs and functions—what attended to that? The cells build the parts, but what builds the whole?

How many things we have in common with the trees! The same mysterious gift of life, to begin with; the same primary elements—carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and so on—in our bodies; and many of the same vital functions—respiration, circulation, absorption, assimilation, reproduction. Protoplasm is the basis of life in both, and the cell is the architect that builds up the bodies of both. Trees are rooted men and men are walking trees. The tree absorbs its earth materials through the minute hairs on its rootlets, called fibrillæ, and the animal body absorbs its nutriment through analogous organs in the intestines, called lacteals.

Whitman's expression—

> The slumbering and liquid trees,

often comes to my mind. They are the words of a poet who sees hidden relations and meanings everywhere. He knows how fluid and adaptive all animate nature is. The trees are wrapped in a kind of slumber in winter, and they are reservoirs of living currents in summer. If all living bodies came originally out of the sea, they brought a big dower of the sea with them. The human body is mainly a few pinches of earth salts held in solution by several gallons of water. The ashes of the living tree bulk small in comparison with the amount of water it holds. Yes, "the slumbering and liquid trees." They awaken from their slumber in the spring, the scales fall from their buds, the fountains within them are unsealed, and they again become streams of living energy, breaking into leaf and bloom and fruit under the magic of the sun's rays.

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UNEMPLOYMENT—WHAT ONE LARGE COMPANY DID ABOUT IT

BY CHARLES R. WALKER, JR.

MR. HOOVER'S conference on unemployment has turned every one's mind to the subject, if events more personal and less interesting have not already done so.

I want to record briefly and faithfully what one company—in a major New England industry, employing in normal times five thousand—did on the basis of the facts, forced rather rudely into their averted faces. Some similar study and programme of action, locally adapted of course, must be carried out with all the daily follow-up and drudgery of it if Mr. Hoover's conference is to bear the fruit it deserves.

I had been at work some months in overalls in the rolling mill when the depression hit us. There the sub-foremen had been demoted to rollers, the rollers to stickers, and the stickers to helpers, and all the helpers stood about waiting for the knife to fall. They expected to lose their jobs, and carried about with them a kind of desperate cheerfulness. A dozen or two fell under the knife every pay day. When I got into the employment office, laying off was in full swing. Heavy reductions in working hours had already decimated the pay envelope—three days of eight hours were being worked in many places, instead of five and a half of ten. The bulk of the men lived uncomfortably near the margin of subsistence. In the employment office I found women appearing with babies in their arms and surrounded with children in order to furnish living arguments in favor of rehiring their husbands. The smaller grocery stores and butcher shops in town failed. Great numbers of Russians and Poles in groups of twenty-five and thirty took early morning trains to New York, thence to Russia and Poland. Men had been coming every day for two or three months to stand in front of the employment office five or six hours. Credit began to be denied by landlords and provision sellers to families, and children went without bread until furnished it by the Salvation Army. District nurses began to report extensive malnutrition among school-children. One Greek with seven children found no other work for eight months than picking blueberries. Numbers of skilled mechanics, toolmakers, electricians, and a stream of ex-service men begged me to take them on as "sweepers or anything." Men hired on farms at $10 and $15 a month. There was an unprecedented shrinkage in the deposits made in the savings banks, and unprecedented demands were made upon the Commissioner of Public Charities and upon private and church funds by persons whose needs were desperate and unquestioned.

I got in touch with other employment offices. They were facing similar situations, and doing about as little about it as we. Here is the typical daily picture—a picture true in general, I believe, of ninety per cent of the industrial concerns in the United States which have employment offices at all.

A crowd gathers, usually in fighting mood, each man keen to reach the edge nearest the employment office. There are fifteen jobs to be given out. The employment manager has received eight requests from foremen, former employees, the superintendent, and a vice-president, for two nephews, three brothers, and three old friends. A vague atmosphere of protesting merit, penury, and drag surrounds these applications. It is sufficient, in lieu of stronger principles, to capture the first eight openings from the employment office. The employment manager then turns to the small sea of faces whose outer waves can be seen through the glass doors of the waiting-room. He "selects" two tall chaps who tower up in the eighth row. They are brothers, who worked for the company for three weeks in 1916. They are both single. One of them keeps a grocery store and is self-supporting. Of the remaining five whom he extracts from the sea by a quick jerk of the head in the candidates' direction and a staccato "You!" their records, if there were any, would show:

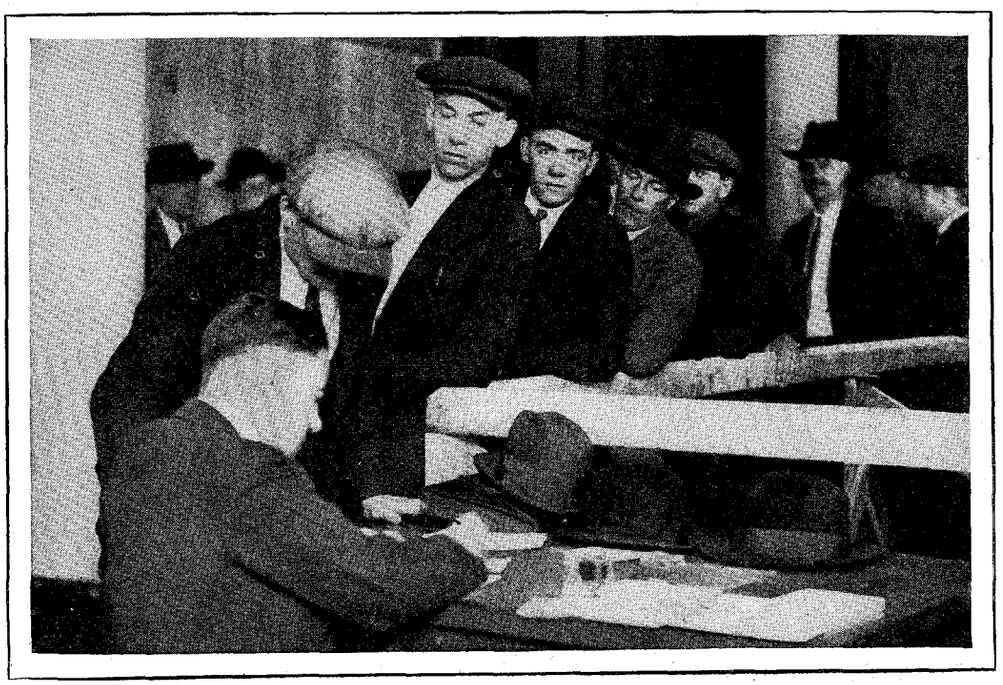
One, married, two children, three months' former service; record: discharged for drunkenness.

Two, single, no previous service, unfamiliar with the work of the industry.

One, married, three children, four years' previous service; record: good.

One, married, no children, no previous service, temporarily laid off by near-by concern.

Of the seven hired in the above manner, one had been hit upon whose record under the circumstances would justify a rehire. Of the 143 who turn away, to curse at the company and "move on" to the next town for a repetition of the



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN JOB HUNTERS OUTNUMBER THE JOBS—A MUNICIPAL EFFORT TO ALLEVIATE THE PRESENT SITUATION

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same experience, there are five or six old employees in extreme need, a score and a half with dependents and long service records, and probably a score more whose names and addresses and good will would be an invaluable asset to the company at the moment of a slight business revival.

Couldn't we do better than that? We had a general rule that we would keep or rehire married men if we could, and long-service men if we could. But we hadn't half probed the problem to its roots, *or really administered efficiently* our beliefs.

In its simplest form the problem was: To adapt a given amount of work to a given amount of human need. We wanted to know:

What are the elements about each man applying for a job which will justify hiring or rehiring.

What are the elements about each worker on the job to be considered in keeping him there or laying him off.

This was the first step to be taken. We would then want to know just what work we had, and how it could be divided without injustice to the man or prejudice to production. Lastly, how could we help take care of the balance of the unemployed, after we had treated with those who had, as it were, a first lien upon our stock of work.

We decided on four points to be weighed in connection with any man's job: (1) The man's efficiency as a workman. (2) His record with the company. (3) His length of service. (4) His condition: married or single, and number of dependents (number of children under sixteen chiefly considered). Time out of work and other particulars if the man were an applicant for work.

This was, as a rule, the order in which these points were considered. The man's efficiency—his contribution to production—was assuredly the first consideration. To lay off a single man who was a first-class workman and put in his place a married man with four children who was a second-rate workman is surely bad business, and would prove in the end bad sociology as well. But the vast majority of cases dealt with among the unskilled and semi-skilled did not call for such conflicts between the efficient candidate and the needy one. Knotty cases turned up now and then, but with great numbers the facts needed only to be stated to convince even the parties concerned who should retain or who should regain the job in question.

For jobs requiring special skill, a toolmaker's or a die cutter's, because of the rarity and importance of the man's skill, Point No. 1 could alone be considered. But it was our conclusion that in the majority of ordinary jobs in modern industry it was possible to take into account the other points without prejudice to production.

Having gathered these two sets of data, we could from that day act with at least intelligent justice to both parties: the men to be laid off and the men to be hired. Besides our regular lists, we kept a special "First Aid List" of desperate cases which had come to our attention, and which we filled first.

To illustrate in the concrete, here is the story of the siftings and placements of one Monday morning. Number of men applying for work, 150. Of these we discover by interview that seventy have no previous service with the company. Jobs available are so limited that we feel justified in regarding only former employees. Of the eighty former employees, fifty are single. We know of a certain number of jobs on the farms in the surrounding country, of a few in a metal cutting-up shop in town, and of a few in a local building operation. We direct the fifty to these. Of the remaining thirty, we pick the fifteen that, according to the data we have, seem to have a prior claim to the fifteen jobs available. We place them. Names and data on the other fifteen we keep on file, and tell them to report in a week if they have not already obtained employment. Information from the superintendent enables us to predict openings.

This seems as simple as the multiplication table. It appears such an obvious, in-front-of-your-nose measure. It is no more surely than a routine, common-sense practice of all employers, mere decency. Doesn't everybody do it? That's the unspeakable tragedy of it. It *is* mere decency, but it is unbelievably rare. It is extraordinarily simple in principle, but it isn't exactly easy. It requires a lot of daily drudgery, record taking, and interviewing. It is not important because it is complicated or profound, but because it is simple, has been tried and works, and will, if faithfully carried through, remove the acute suffering of the unemployed this fall.

Any employer who says that there is nothing he can do in the present crisis, "as long as there aren't any *more* orders coming in," is a liar. Any employer who says that "in general" he is trying to lay off "the single fellows and the bad workmen," and trying to "look after as many as he can," is deceiving himself and you unless you find that he has added to virtuous and vague intention a close study of his peculiar unemployment situation, and is employing a staff to persistently put over the engineering problem of making his available stock of work meet the known human need in the most efficient manner good brains can devise.

I said that after we had gathered our data on the worker who was at the job and the data on the man at the door we wanted then to know "what work we had, and how it could be divided without injustice to the worker or prejudice to production." This matter of "dividing up the work" is one that varies utterly with the peculiar conditions of production that govern in each factory. It is impossible in some places to employ one gang for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and another gang for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. It would break up the smooth progress of the work in some instances, but in others it would be quite feasible. We were able in some departments to work one gang one week, another the next, and in some cases even a third gang for the third week. Many hundreds of families were able to subsist last winter through this arrangement, and this alone. A number of employers do not grasp the desperateness of the situation even in their own plants, and therefore do not turn to such measures because they mean a slight effort of reorganization. Plans of this sort should not be matured in directors' meetings alone, but in conference with foremen, men's representatives, and production engineers.

Every employment office should be an employment exchange. With a stream of workers passing in and out, with its natural contacts with all other industrial concerns in the neighborhood, and its contacts with local institutions of all kinds, it is the natural center for employment information. The men it cannot hire it should neither "kick out" nor soothe with false promises of "jobs tomorrow," which is a common employment-office practice. It should give the best employment news it can muster, whether melancholy or fair. And surely, as Mr. Hoover suggests, it should cooperate with the private, municipal, State, and Federal employment agencies, and, if none exist in the neighborhood, unite with other concerns to create one.

It is to be admitted at once that the foregoing programme is but a preliminary grappling with the whole problem of unemployment. It is merely a history of one company's effort to meet its responsibility *at once;* to treat the most acute and dangerous part of the disease without delay, and with the instruments any employer has at hand. It leaves a large number of men without jobs, but they tend to be either those who have forfeited them through their own misconduct or who are not in immediate need, or at least who will not by their loss bring misery upon their dependents.

Responsibility falls naturally and rightfully upon every industry for its own unemployed. The first step is that the best and most needy of these be cared for by (1) careful selection, (2) division of work, by the individual employer. The second is that the employer direct the remainder to other positions in his industrial neighborhood of which he has knowledge and co-operate with municipal, State, and Federal employment bureaus to complete the process of an efficient use of the whole existing stock of work.

This record is indeed a small matter measured against the painful totals of the country's unemployed. But if undertaken by every employer in its effects it would amount to a gigantic engineering operation in unemployment performed by common sense upon human material. It would not cut at the roots of unemployment—they lie at the foundations of our trading and economic structure—but it would carve out of existence a very measurable fraction of this winter's threatened industrial waste and human suffering.

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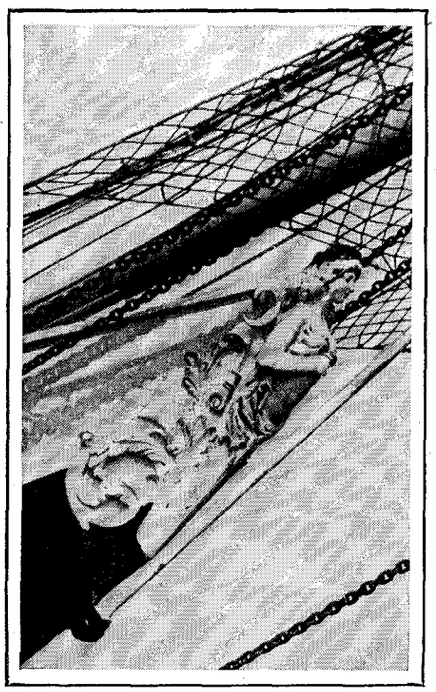
CHINESE FLOTSAM

ANOTHER TALE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS

BY MEADE MINNIGERODE



GAMALIEL PARSONS seemed to have a knack, a fatality, for getting himself into trouble. Of course he always managed to pull himself out of it again, grinning amiably from ear to ear; but, after all, this was slight comfort to his friends. They used to tell him he ought never to leave his ship and come ashore; the only safe place for him was on his quarter-deck.

Of course Gamaliel was only in his twenties in those days, and ridiculously handsome in his high white collar and black stock; and his earlier experiences on the privateer Chaser, in the adventures of 1812, had done very little towards curbing his romantic tendencies.

"You are a *verdaamte jongen!*" Jan Pieterszoon van den Bosch, the captain of the Dutch East Indiaman Oost Indie, from Batavia, would say to him. "Always you do some foolish thing, *dwaase*, and make me berspire!"

THAT ridiculous affair, for instance, at Parangambalang, when Gamaliel, masquerading as a native Malayan swain, had paddled up and down in front of a stolen junk singing love poems *(pantun)* at the top of his lungs, waiting for an opportunity to climb aboard.

Gamaliel really got very much embarrassed whenever they reminded him of the episode.

"Oh, shut up! . . . How was I to know? . . ."

For it seemed that the sleeping Maimunah had not been sleeping at all, but, on the contrary, had been sitting up very wide awake in the deck-house with a *tumbok lada*, a stabbing dagger, clutched to her breast, watching Gamaliel.

Only when the time came, and she mistook the Dutchman for the fat and unpopular Ismail, who had given her the stolen junk as a toy, it was on him that she turned loose her fury, lest he do harm to Gamaliel!

"*Nyah—lah*, Ismail!" she had screamed at him. "Be off—away with you! . . ."

Jan Pieterszoon used to mimic her afterwards to Gamaliel until the latter blushed behind his ears.

"*Nyah—lah*, Ismail! Ho ho! A great imbression you make, yes, on Maimunah —berhaps because you are not fat like Ismail! Brobably she will follow you to Amerika."

"Probably you'll choke to death one of these days telling that story!" Gamaliel would scowl at him.

Ah Fung, too, the inscrutable and excellent silk-robed merchant, had his recollections which set him chattering when he thought of them in his *hong*, in Foochow. Recollections dating back to the time when Gamaliel had first come to China, on one of Mr. Benjamin Moore's ships, immediately after 1812, and then later on in his own Felicity Belle, a smiling, strapping youngster of twenty-one.

Such as that senseless performance in Yeddo, where they had gone to trade with the Japanese Shogun, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a threatening crowd of the Daimyo Matsudaira's retainers, because Gamaliel had thought it proper to walk in his gardens and exchange romantic pleasantries with the Lady Hasu No Hana *San*, his daughter.

And there again, of course, Gamaliel had pulled himself out of it without lifta finger, simply because the Lady Hasu No Hana had found him very agreeable to look upon. At all events, she pretended a great many things, and sent him away with gifts, as though he had been an official envoy.

And not content with that, she had smiled very pleasantly into his eyes and said something to him which Gamaliel used to chuckle over afterwards and tease Ah Fung about.

"*Omae wa suki da.* . . . I like you!" the Lady Hasu No Hana *San* had said.

It made a good companion piece to "*Nyah—lah*, Ismail!"

Of course, aside from his youth, which was nothing in those days when veterans of twenty-six or twenty-seven began to think seriously of retiring from the sea, and his good looks, which he valued about as highly as a snarled-up halyard, Gamaliel had sufficient excuse, after all, for his deep-rooted romanticism.

Born in 1797, allowed to run wild in Mr. Ackley's shipyard where his father worked, his childhood years had been filled with the touch and the smell and the sound of things that had to do with the sea. His toys were the tools with which hulls and rigging were fashioned, his chosen heroes the men who sailed blue water in saucy Yankee vessels whose only regret was that the seas were limited to seven.

"Patagonia? Cochin-China? Zanzibar? Hell, we've been *there!* . . ."

And his picture-books were the tales which these men brought back with them from the ends of the earth, scented with spice, clinking with precious stones, tanned by winds with strange disturbing names — *monsoons, chinooks, pamperos, simooms, harmattans.* . . .

Winds encountered on voyages in such ships as those of Mr. Elias Derby, with his fleet of forty, who as early as 1784 had nosed his way into St. Petersburg, and five years later had flown the Stars and Stripes for the first time in the ports of Bombay and Calcutta. And those of Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Peabody, and Mr. William Gray, owner of thirty-six vessels sailing out of Salem.

Voyages such as that of the Columbia out of Boston, around the Horn to the northwest coast of North America, and thence to China, and home around the Cape of Good Hope. A little adventurer of two hundred and thirteen tons, the first to carry the American flag around the globe. And those of Mr. Girard's ships from Philadelphia to the Orient—Mr. Girard, who had once been a cabin boy. And that first one from New York straight to Canton, in 1785, seven men and two boys in the eighty-ton sloop Enterprise.

Voyages which had started, some of them, from Mr. Ackley's own shipyard, like that of the Manhattan for China and the East Indies, in 1796. A giant of some six hundred tons, requiring all of the blue-water sailormen that could be gathered together along the waterfront to handle her!

AND such tales they were that came floating back to Gamaliel from the distant horizons, on the tongues of men who had seen piracy, and signed on in their thousands in the coastwise taverns to man the privateers of the Revolution! Tales of uncharted oceans and unexpected coast-lines, fabulous cargoes drawn from unsuspected rivers—the days of Tyre and Genoa and Venice returned again to gild the figureheads of fearless Yankee ships.

Adventures, so they called the shares owned by the masters and mates in the profits of these ships; and to each one came his full share of adventure!

To that twenty-three-year-old Viking, Master Mariner Richard Cleveland, for instance, who in 1797 had sailed from

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Salem in his own ship bound for Arabia. In Havre the possibilities of another adventure had attracted him, and he was off for the Cape of Good Hope, three months at sea in the twenty-three-ton Caroline with a crew of two men, two boys, and a cook.

Having disposed of his boat, he journeyed to Batavia and Canton, whence he set sail in a cutter for the northwest shore of North America. A venture involving a mutiny in the China Sea and two months of constant fighting with the Indians of Norfolk Sound, to say nothing of the rugged hostility of the Oregon coast, before he returned to China with his cargo of furs.

". . . and then where did he go?"

"Then? Oh, then he went to Calcutta. . . ."

To Calcutta, yes, and a twenty-five-ton boat for Mauritius, and a cargo of coffee for Copenhagen. And then in Hamburg he must needs purchase the Leila Byrd and sail for Valparaiso, and on to Mexico and California, fighting his way in and out of closed Spanish ports; then to Norfolk Sound again for another load of furs for Canton.

"And didn't he *ever* come home?" Gamaliel asked once.

Yes, he was thirty years old when he returned to Salem, with a fortune of over fifty thousand dollars, having sailed twice around the globe in seven years.

Adventure on the rolling seas, along the beaches of three continents, in the lagoons of tropical islands, among pirates, and merchants, and kings, yellow and brown and black.

Adventure that took its toll, also, in wreckage and death and disaster, for there was ever a price to be paid for such Odysseys, and the Golden Fleece called for its sacrifice.

"Lost overboard off the Horn. . . . Murdered by Chinese pirates. . . . Died of smallpox at Whampoa. . . . Sold as a slave in Algiers. . . . Drowned off the coast of Japan. . . . Killed in a skirmish with natives" . . . Epitaphs such as these for the Argonauts of Gamaliel's childhood days.

But of course with him the epitaphs went in at one ear and out again at the other, while the tales remained, and the glamour of their setting and the music of their songs:

The wind is free and we're bound for sea,
Heave away cheerily ho ho!
The lasses are waving to you and to me,
As off to the southward we go—o,
As off to the southward we go.
Sing, my lads, cheerily,
Heave, my lads, cheerily,
Heave away cheerily oh oh!
For gold that we prize
And for sunnier skies,
Away to the southward we go!

We want sailors bold, who can work for their gold,
Heave away cheerily ho ho!
And stand a good wetting without catching cold,
As off to the southward we go—o,
As off to the southward we go.
Sing, my lads, cheerily,
Heave, my lads, cheerily,
Heave away cheerily oh oh!
For gold that we prize
And for sunnier skies,
Away to the southward we go!

From "Vikings of the Pacific," by A. C. Laut
Courtesy of the Macmillan Company.
Drawn by George Davidson, a member of the Expedition.
Photographed by courtesy of the present owner, Mrs. Abigail Quincy Twombly

THE DEPARTURE OF THE COLUMBIA ON HER VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

"A little adventurer of two hundred and thirteen tons, the first to carry the American flag around the globe"

And the rollicking one about the maidens and the bottles and all the rest of it:

. . . the maiden, oh, the bottle, oh,
A pipe of good tobacco, oh,
So early in the morning,
The sailor loves all these heigh ho!
A bottle of spirit, a maiden fair,
A plug of good tobacco, oh,
So early in the morning,
These are the sailor's loves, heigh ho!

That peculiarly enchanting one also concerning the Golden Vanitee:

. . . then up spake a sailor, who'd just returned from sea,
Oh, I was aboard of the Golden Vanitee
When she was held in chase by a Spanish piratee,
And we sank her in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
We sank her in the Lowlands low.
For we had aboard us a little cabin boy,
Who said, What will you give me if that ship I do destroy?
The captain said, I'll give my child, she is my pride and joy,
If you sink her in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
You sink her in the Lowlands low.
The boy took an auger and plunged into the tide,
And bravely swam until he reached the rascal pirate's side,
He climbed aboard and went below, by none was he espied,
And he sank her in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands,
He sank her in the Lowlands low.

In Gamaliel's estimation this heroic cabin boy ranked well up beside General Washington, and perhaps even Captain Richard Cleveland, and to be such a cabin boy appeared to him as the summit of all earthly and watery ambition.

And in due time, when he was fifteen years old, he became such a cabin boy, or perhaps even more of one, on the privateer Chaser in 1812, and sailed through four years of romance as finely spun as any of his sailormen's tales.

THEN after that it was China, and Japan, and all of the golden Orient, in spite of the brown eyes of Miss Felicity Moore, soon to become Mrs. Gamaliel Parsons. It could not have been otherwise.

And always in trouble, and out of it again, grinning amiably from ear to ear, "all same clocodile," as Ah Fung described it.

"*Almachtig!*" Jan Pieterszoon van den Bosch would roar at him. "Stay on your quarter-deck, yes! Always in trouble when ashore you go, *dwaase jongen!*"

But even on his own quarter-deck it seemed that Gamaliel was unable to keep himself out of mischief. And it was no longer a question of the impudent Felicity Belle either, but aboard of his stately Hooglie, some ten years after that escapade at Parangambalang.

Gamaliel was in his thirties now, and his little son Matthew was growing up like a bean-stalk back there in the little house near the Bowling Green, but for all that he had found it impossible to tear himself away from his enchanted Orient. So he had built the Hooglie, a very sharp vessel for her day, and indeed a very wet one, modeled after the slender

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lines of the earlier Baltimore privateers which he had known so well.

She was the pride of his life, and van den Bosch welcomed her appearance with smiles of relief for all his doubts as to her construction.

"Now you haf a fine ship," he said, "if she stay afloat. It is a great responsibility. Berhaps you try and behave yourself, yes?"

And indeed Gamaliel did behave himself, conscious of his dignity and increasing years, very much the American merchant navigator, in his pongee suit and his white hat, going about in his gig with the spotlessly clad Chinese crew. But for all that, he could not manage to keep out of trouble. No, not even on his own quarter-deck.

IT was on a late afternoon in May, of the year 1831, that he stepped into Ah Fung's *hong* in Foochow from a sedan chair and handed his hat to a pigtailed boy. Ah Fung, who had not known of the Hooglie's arrival in port, came forward to meet him with a fluttering of silken robes and sounded a gong for refreshments.

"You vely welcome!" he bowed. "*Hsi keh lai liao!*"

From a chair in the coolest spot in the room a ponderous mass of white duck arose vociferously with outstretched hands.

"*Heisa!*" exclaimed this mass, which proved itself to be the fat little Dutchman from Batavia. "It is Tuan Parsons! In the Formosa Channel I sight you, yes?"

"I didn't see you. . . . It was very rough."

"No, *dwaase*, under the water you cannot see. But I shpy three masts and enough sail for a fleet in that wind moving upon the water, and I say down below it is Tuan Parsons and his ship. Some day you drown, yes."

"I dare say," Gamaliel replied, and dropped into a chair. He was quite obviously worried about something, and in no mood for pleasantries. Ah Fung and the Dutchman eyed him in silence for a moment, and then the latter turned to his host.

"He has done something," he said. "Again the *jongen* is in trouble. I can smell it!"

"Him flowning, all same angly joss," remarked the Chinaman. "The sight of fiends is no pleasure to his eyes."

"You have been ashore again somewhere, . . ." they accused him.

"No, I haven't been ashore anywhere," Gamaliel told them. "Except on business."

They waited for him to continue, but he fell silent again, staring at them absent-mindedly. Jan Pieterszoon winked at Ah Fung.

"We will talk of affairs, yes, *perkara*," he said to him. "When he is ready he will tell."

"After many cloudy days the sun comes out again," murmured Ah Fung. "We will talk of *pelkala*. . . ."

For quite a long time they spoke, under the swinging *punkahs*, while Ah Fung nodded wisely over the Dutchman's vituperations against the depredations of piratical Malay *perumpaks*, the constant encroaching by the British, and the *verdaamte* Americans too, upon a trade which had once been profitable, and the passing of better days.

"There is no brivacy any more in the Orient. . . ."

"It is plogless," sighed Ah Fung.

Gamaliel pushed his chair back suddenly and leaned forward, and the other two turned to him again.

"What is it, *jongen?*" asked Jan Pieterszoon with a kindly note in his gruff voice. "Many things we haf done together, yes?"

"I am a vely lich man," breathed Ah Fung. "You are my fiend. . . ."

GAMALIEL smiled at them both and shuffled his feet.

"I have adopted a baby," he announced finally.

"*Heusch!*" exclaimed van den Bosch, nearly leaping from his chair. "A baby —you haf adopted a baby?"

"You go clazy?" chattered Ah Fung.

"What kind of a baby is it you adopt?"

"A Chinese baby," said Gamaliel. "About a year old, I think."

"You think?" roared the Dutchman. "*Almachtig!* Do you not know? Where did you get it, this baby? Ashore you haf been again, yes. . . ."

"No," Gamaliel explained. "I haven't been ashore, I tell you. I found the baby."

"Where do you find it, then, if not ashore?"

"I found it in the Formosa Channel."

"*Ei*. . . ."

"That's what I said, in the Formosa Channel, in a sampan."

Captain van den Bosch was staring open mouthed at Gamaliel.

"In a sampan!" he exclaimed. "In the Formosa Channel? *Het is niet mogelijk* —that is not possible!"

"Baby no can make him sail sampan," objected Ah Fung. "Not vely much."

"Well, it's so, just the same," insisted Gamaliel. "There was a storm—guess you ran into it too, Jan?"

"Oh, *ya*. . . ."

"Well, early the next morning we sighted a sampan, practically ran it down. Thought it was empty at first, but there in the bottom of it was a baby, sucking its thumbs!"

"So? In the Formosa Channel, yes? Alone the baby was?"

"Yes, all alone. Well, I can't help it, can I, if they turn babies loose in sampans and they bump into my ship? I wasn't whistling for Chinese babies, you know."

"*Wah!*" Jan Pieterszoon observed. "The baby alone in the sampan. *Je verbaast mij*—it is very surbrising, yes."

"Must have been a junk wrecked somewhere. I suppose they were trying to get away in the sampan, put the baby in, and then the thing broke adrift—I don't know, and the baby hasn't said anything much!"

"*Ongetwijfeld!*" chuckled Jan. "No doubt. So you find the baby, yes?"

"Pelhaps him evil spilit," suggested Ah Fung. "You put him back vely quick, plevent make him dlagon, fly away with ship."

"It's not a flying baby," said Gamaliel. "And it's not a him either."

"So? It is a *meisje?*"

"Yes, it is a girl baby."

Ah Fung shook his head solemnly.

"That is vely bad," he announced. "*Shih dzai ko wu!* Female baby not gleat shakings. Make him vely good dlowning."

"*Baik!*" laughed van den Bosch. "Berhaps on the junk they are tired of the baby. The father, he say, 'It is a girl, I will kill her, yes,' but the mother she say, 'Wait, I will send her away for Tuan Parsons to find.' So it was on the junk, ho ho!"

"That's it, no doubt," scowled Gamaliel. "And now I have to play Pharaoh's daughter to a Chinese Moses! Never mind what it means, Ah Fung, it would take too long to explain. . . ."

But the Dutchman understood; at all events, he shook all over like a plate of jelly and laughed until he turned purple in the face.

"Ho ho! Tuan Parsons—many *dwaase* thing you haf done, yes; but now a Chinese girl baby you haf! In China will no one take her, there are too many *meisje* babies. To Amerika with you she must go, yes. *Heisa!* It will be difficult to explain to Mevrouw Parsons how you find her in the Formosa Channel!"

"Oh, go to the devil! . . ."

But it was true, just the same. Through no fault of his own to be sure, except his fatal knack for literally bumping into trouble, Gamaliel was now the possessor of a one-year-old Chinese girl baby. A possession which he prized about as highly as a split topgallantsail, and of which he stood as much chance of ridding himself in unfeministic China as a basket full of scorpions.

THEY went out to the Hooglie the next day to look at the baby crawling around on the quarter-deck, a fat little brownie somewhat incongruously attired in one of Gamaliel's night-shirts, cut down to fit its stumpy length.

The baby paid no attention to the visitors except to howl lugubriously at Jan Pieterszoon, whereupon it attached itself firmly to Gamaliel's leg and crowed at the world.

"Always with the ladies you make an imbression," chuckled Jan. "This time it is because you are not fat like me. '*Nyah—lah*, Ismail,' yes?"

"I can't turn the thing loose," Gamaliel complained. "I saved it once, and I've got to provide for it somehow. And I won't put it ashore to starve or be thrown into the river. Doesn't somebody here want a nice girl baby? Ah Fung, don't you want a daughter?"

It seemed that Ah Fung did not.

"Me vely solly," he explained. "Thlee sons I have in my house, not wishing female baby, thank you vely much. Him not pletty baby."

"Neither was Moses, probably," growled

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Gamaliel. "Jan, don't *you* want a Chinese baby? Take her to Batavia. . . ."

"*Heusch!*" exclaimed the Dutchman. "You think I am a fool, yes? Children I haf of my own, Tuan Parsons."

"Well, some one has got to take her," sighed Gamaliel. "Pardon me, my dear" —he stooped to address the baby—"would you mind leaving my shoe-laces alone? You little bit of flotsam!"

"*Baik!*" van den Bosch laughed a short while later. "For me, I go up the coast for *perkara*. Three, four days in a *lorcher*. When I return, berhaps you haf done something with the baby, Tuan Parsons! *Allah il Allah*—I hope so!"

"Thank you so much," Gamaliel replied, without conviction.

"While I go, Ah Fung, you will keep an eye on the Oost Indie, yes, and look after that *perkara* we talked about this morning?"

"I make watch," promised Ah Fung. "*Salaamat jalan*—voyage in safety!"

"*Ya*. Good-by, Tuan Parsons. Berhaps if you ask in the market-place they bring you more Chinese girl babies, ho, ho!"

"I hope you laugh yourself to death!" scowled Gamaliel.

But for three days he did very little laughing on his own account, while he was having himself carried all over the city of Foochow in the attempt to dispose in a satisfactory manner of his unwelcome, though innocent, flotsam.

"*Woo-ho, woo-ho!*" went his sedan-chair bearers up and down the narrow streets, stopping at the doors of *hongs*, running after the palanquins of apologetic merchants, venturing even into the courtyards of Mandarin palaces.

Everywhere he was received with smiles and a courtesy equaled only by the firmness of the refusal to have anything to do with his "little Chinese Moses" which his hosts displayed at once when the matter was broached. It was as though the word had gone all over Foochow: Have nothing to do with that Chinese girl baby Captain Parsons is peddling around!

Which, as a matter of fact, of course, was precisely what had happened. In every gateway before which it stopped Gamaliel's sedan chair had been preceded by another even swifter one. A sedan chair bearing the inscrutable Ah Fung, whose *perkara* seemed to take him very far afield in Foochow during those days.

It was only by chance that Gamaliel discovered this perfidy on the part of his friend, and it seemed that Jan Pieterszoon also had a hand in it. It was on the wharf on the third evening, the evening before van den Bosch was to return, while he was waiting for his gig. Gamaliel overheard two white-clad captains near by laughing at a jest which seemed to be the common property of all Foochow—except himself.

"Have you seen him, trying for three days to get rid of it? . . ."

"Yes, the Dutchman—what's his name? commands the Oost Indie—and Ah Fung, they arranged it between them. Went around to everybody in town and tipped them the wink for them not to take the child."

"He'll have to take it back home with him, unless he throws it overboard. . . ."

The fury of a woman scorned was as nothing compared to the fury of Gamaliel. He had it in his toes for a moment to turn back and seek out Ah Fung then and there and make a scene and vituperate, but he thought better of it finally and had himself rowed out to the Hooglie.

"We will sail at daybreak," he commanded when he stepped aboard. "Send word to Ah Fung by the last sampan that leaves the side. Simply say that we are sailing."

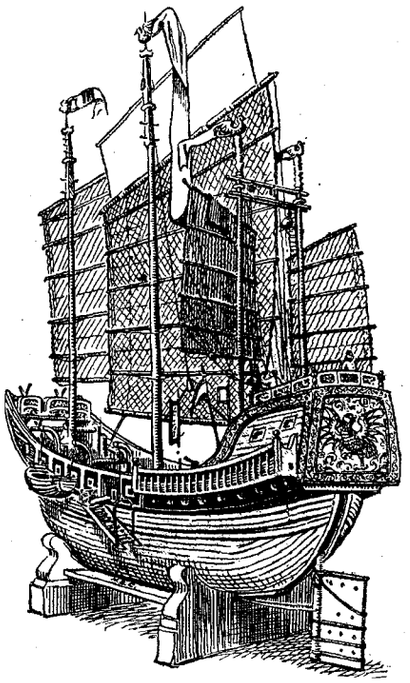
"Very well, sir."

"No. Say to him that I thank him very much for all the trouble he has taken during the last three days, and I hope that both he and Captain van den Bosch will derive much amusement from their joke. He will understand."

"Aye, aye, sir."

THEN for hours Gamaliel walked his quarter-deck, scowling at the lights of the Oost Indie floating near by, thinking of the sorry trick played on him by his two friends, and of the baby asleep in a corner of the cabin below. Must he really take the child home to Felicity? To abandon her somewhere on a wharf in Foochow was absolutely out of the question, nor was he minded to wander up and down every port in the Orient with her on his arm.

And then suddenly he went to the rail and gazed for a long time at the Oost Indie, and a very pleasant thought seemed to formulate itself in his mind. At all events, he began to smile more and more broadly, until finally he was laughing out loud and pounding the rail with his fist.



CHINESE JUNK, FROM A MODEL IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

"I guess that's not a bad idea at all," he said to himself, and went below. . . .

". . . he is vely angly," Ah Fung was saying to Jan Pieterszoon in the cabin of the Oost Indie, to which the latter had just returned. "He say make him sail to-mollow. Man bling me message—think him find out us make laughing against him."

"*Baik!*" chuckled the Dutchman. "All the better. It will be good for the *jongen* to worry. He will not sail before to-morrow, no?"

"To-mollow, at daybleak. I make watching."

"Good—*wah*, what is that?

In the silence of the night above the cabin some one had cried out. A long-drawn-out wail, angry and aggrieved. A Chinese wail. Gamaliel had not counted on that when he put the baby down on the deck of the Oost Indie near the companionway, after discovering that the Dutchman was back aboard and below with Ah Fung; for a Chinese night has many ears and eyes, and tongues may be purchased for gold.

The baby had been as good as could be, half asleep, in fact, during the stealthy trip over from the Hooglie, but when he set her down gently on the deck she awoke to stentorian disapproval of these proceedings. It was very annoying, thought Gamaliel.

It was still more annoying, however, to find himself suddenly seized from behind by relentless Chinese hands and trussed up like a furled sail. It was almost as though he had been expected —for a Chinese night has many surprises. . . .

"He has come," Ah Fung remarked down below. "I have made good watching. That is the female baby who clies."

"*Verdaamte jongen!*" grunted van den Bosch, but there was a twinkle in his eyes. "He thinks he makes a turning of the tables, yes?"

They went up the companionway and gathered in the baby, whose outcries reached the limit of suffocation at the sight of Jan Pieterszoon, and also the highly indignant Gamaliel, swearing like a French privateersman in the hands of his captors.

"Look here, van den Bosch, and you, Ah Fung!" he spluttered after they had turned him loose in the cabin. "I thought you were my friends! I know what you've been doing for the last three days; and now you set your ruffianly coolies on me—I won't stand for it!"

Gamaliel was really terribly angry, stamping around and making a great deal of noise in the cabin, in which latter activity he was being very ably assisted by the piercing howls of little Flotsam, or whatever her name may have been.

"*Heusch!*" exclaimed Jan. "And for what do you come on my ship in the night on your toe tips, Tuan Parsons?"

"I make watching," added Ah Fung. "Keep him eyes evelywhere for thlee days. . . ."

"I came to bring you that confounded

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baby," Gamaliel confessed. "You thought you were so smart preventing me from getting rid of it, I decided perhaps you'd like to try it yourself. I know what you've been doing the last three days!"

"In a *lorcher* I haf been, yes."

"Oh, yes, in a *lorcher*, after *perkara*. I know all about that. That has nothing to do with me. It's what you've been doing in Foochow, you and Ah Fung—that's what I mean. You didn't think I'd find out!"

"But the *lorcher*," insisted the Dutchman. "It haf much to do with you. Ah Fung, he knows."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Gamaliel, who was beginning to suspect that he was making himself very ridiculous.

"*Dwaase!*" smiled Jan Pieterszoon. "Hothead! So little faith he haf in his friends!"

He went to the door and called for a steward.

"Take that child forward to the two that are waiting," he said, in English. "Do you understand—*begrijpt gij mij?*"

"*Ya, Mijnheer. . . .*"

PEACE descended upon the cabin with the departure of the baby in the arms of the steward, who seemed to take all these things perfectly for granted. Gamaliel ran his fingers through his hair and looked from Ah Fung to Jan.

"Now what on earth are you doing?" he asked. "Who is waiting forward?"

"The two I bring back in the *lorcher*," Jan Pieterszoon explained. "The two I go to find while you are running up and down Foochow, yes, with your *meisje* baby. The father and mother of the child."

"Who — what — which?" stammered Gamaliel.

"The father and mother of the child," Jan repeated. "While you find the baby in the Formosa Channel, yes, I find the parents on the sinking junk, and I take them ashore, up the coast, before I come here and learn that you haf the baby. All the time I know, and Ah Fung he knows."

"Well, I'll be . . ." said Gamaliel. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Just a little joke we haf!" grinned the Dutchman. "*Wees niet boos jongen*—do not be angry! A little *schnapps* we will take now, yes?"

"Tee hee!" cackled Ah Fung. "I make him gleat laughing!"

"Hope you choke, both of you!" Gamaliel said, and helped himself to a cigar. "You know, I think that baby liked me!"

"*Ei—'Nyah—lah*, Ismail'!" mimicked Jan Pieterszoon.

"*Omae wa suki da!*" the Chinaman added. . . .

TWENTY YEARS ON BROADWAY

BY THEODORE STEARNS

WHEN the writer returned from Europe with a long-haired, balloon-trousered determination to further the cause of American music by way of the Philharmonic or the Metropolitan Opera House, eatless days in a Lexington Avenue rooming-house was the answer to the personal problem. Need was one urge to the quicker-paid circles of the musical comedy houses of Broadway. But this move was not entirely a concession to the Philistine. Might it not be that in this musical melting-pot of Longacre Square, fed by composers of all nationalities, Americanized by the tastes of the tired business man from the South, from the Corn Belt, from the Pacific coast, the National school of music was to be located? And to-day, after nearly twenty years of musical direction of Broadway productions, I am convinced that the distinctive music of this country is being gradually focused and fused from the ever-changing successes, retrogressions, and advancements of the musical center of the country. But is it a National music? Is it not rather an Americanized music that is to become the logical expression of a peculiar people?

One cannot even truthfully say that even ragtime as evolved from the plantation Negro is distinctly National, for it is just as Scotch as it is Broadway. Mendelssohn used the same syncopated idea in his A Minor Symphony, and the principle is just as apparent in "Robert Adair" as it is in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." For that reason, Debussy himself merely utilized the old Greek scale of whole tones, and, antedating the Greeks and the North American Indians, both ragtime and whole-tone scale melodies were employed in China and in Oriental countries generally. If modern archæology is not at fault, Bering Strait was formerly an isthmus over which the red men journeyed out of Babylon to join with and in part to vanish with the Aztecs.

So far as the plantation Negro is concerned, his music may be heard in Liberia to-day, and farther back in the "tom-tom" of the jungles, where he sang his "Old Black Joes" and "Suwanee Rivers" long before a man of the Nordic race married Pocohontas. In fact, the peculiar rhythms that we to-day ascribe to Negro and Indian sources have traveled around the globe and left traces in many lands and civilizations. Strictly speaking, Dvořák need not have journeyed over here in search of native themes for his "New World Symphony." He could have found these, practically intact, in his own Bohemian mountains.

At the period when my personal experiences begin, Victor Herbert was in the heyday of his power with a long list of musical comedies and operettas to his credit. A melodist of the first water, a stylist of distinction, shown in the utilization of the curious tone colors of the orchestra, Herbert, in spite of Viennese-Irish ancestry and European training, was acclaimed the great leader in the lighter school of American music. I witnessed many instances of his ferocious fertility of expression, his impulsive generosity to poor artists, also of his rigidity when it came to a question of musical principle.

Herbert in his wisdom may have felt the destroying influence of the dance craze that was to come. Anyway, he made a conclusive fight that the tempo of his dance music should not be altered even at the desire of the featured star performer. "My music is as good as your dance," he roared at the star, "and this is the way it will be played, my boy," turning to me in the orchestra pit.

A. Baldwin Sloan, Raymond Hubbell, Silvio Hein, were also stars in the firmament. Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin, save as writers of occasional songs, had not yet appeared. But the stage was ripe for them; the call for the music they were to write was already felt.

At that time Broadway productions were largely recruited from the successes of the London and Viennese stage. From the George Edwards Gayety Theater came the music of Ivan Carroll and Leslie Stewart, and from Vienna were transplanted the works of Oscar Strauss and Franz Lehar. From Vienna especially the American audience felt it was being provided with a highbrow type of performance. Later on the astute producers and business managers, mostly products of foreign parents and American training, perceived that few of these importations were successes here without much doctoring. Incidental music—a great deal of it—had to be introduced, the original story serving only as a background, and this situation gave opportunity for the song and dance "piano writer" of what we now call Tin-Pan Alley and Dream Street.

European audiences are leisurely of nature, nurtured in the melodies of their native grand opera and the sentiment of their national folk-song. America, on the other hand, was going through the most progressive period of her industrial and National history. Broadway represented the playground of a people keyed up to high tension; what they wanted they wanted with a vengeance, they wanted it quick, and they wanted a lot of it. This was the tempo of the "piano writer" with his jazz, his interpolated songs and popular and Na-

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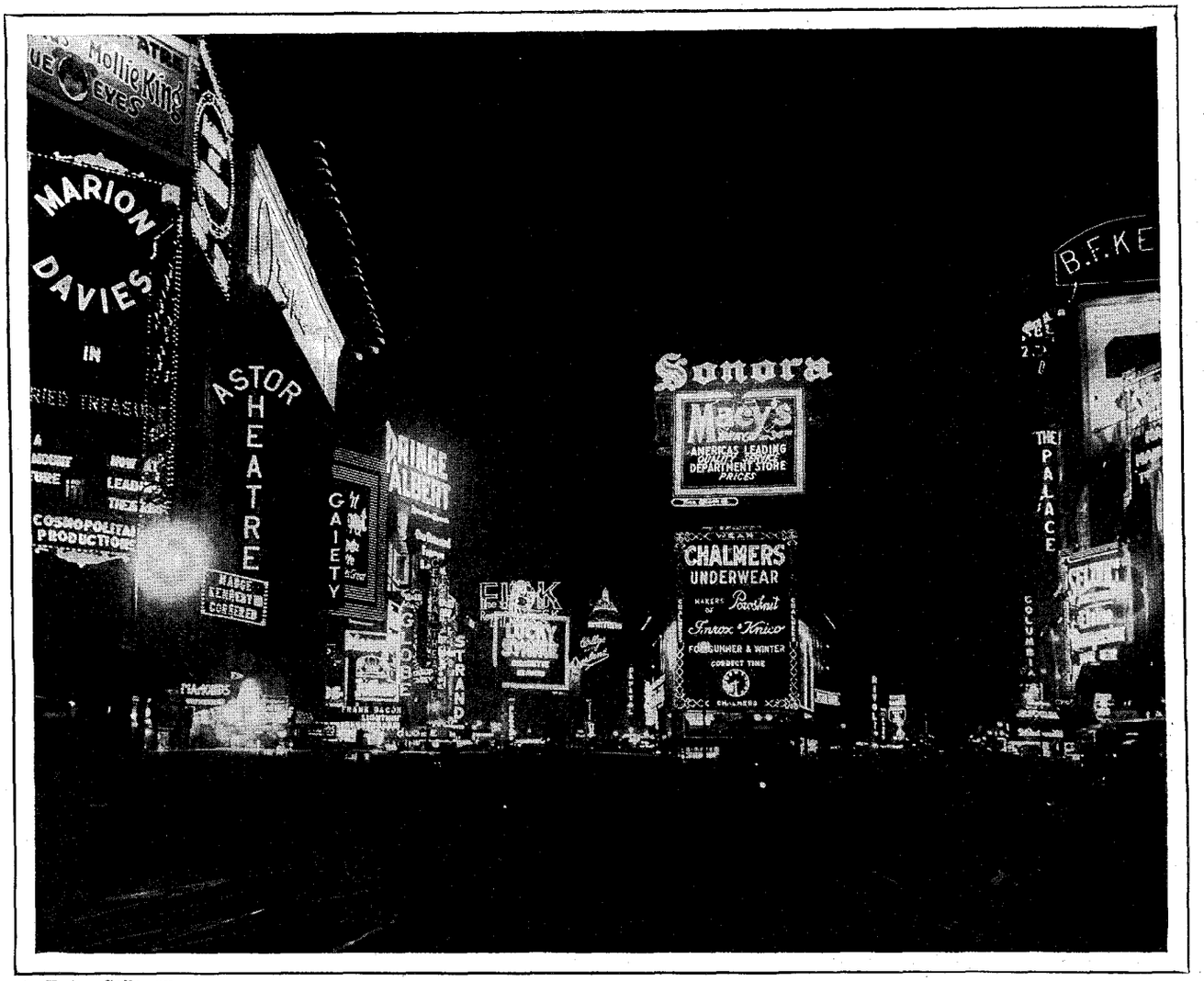

(C) Ewing Galloway

THE HEART OF THEATRICAL BROADWAY

tional sentimentality. The doing-over of the foreign-made operettas, instead of giving opportunity to the American composer, opened the door to the quick tunes of the "piano writer," a native Broadway product, pure and simple.

The craze for the dance was spreading into every stratum of society. We wanted motion, and then more motion; first came the vogue for syncopated time, then the tango, and finally that quickest and most sensational music of all, which is the jazz. A strange, indescribable wail in that music appealed to the primitive in every listener, and the instrument that carried that thrill was the saxophone, a French instrument originally designed for the dignified musical message of a Berlioz or Richard Strauss.

The French *revue* was also imported to these shores and elaborated to a costume spectacle never before seen. Music was further sacrificed, not only for the popular sense of rhythm, but that the eye might be gratified by gorgeous, changing pageants of light and color. Those were the days when the producing of a Broadway success was hectic to nerves and physique.

The standard of a country's musical art will be what pleases the large majority. It is possible that the conditions I have touched on bring the results that we want. It is not high art, but it is very expert amusement. And in our very love for change and for something different are indications of an improving taste. The past year has shown us managers asking for scores from such true musical sources as Kreisler, Zimbalist, Heifitz and Mischa Elman, and making successes of these.

No country has produced so great a variety of musical scores as we have shown; they have come from every land, born from every tradition, "Americanized," if you like, by the wizards of Broadway, many of whom are of foreign ancestry.

It was internecine wars, or periods of general calamity, that gave to other countries their lovely national folk-songs. America has none of these. Out of the Thirty Years' War of the peasants of Central Europe sprang the "Lorelei," not forgetting that long before that the Hamburg Opera was really Germany's Coney Island. It was not before Boabdil fell that Spain really danced and sang the bolero and fandango with comfortable abandon. Italy was the mistress of many invaders from within and without before her graceful melodies were a part of the life of the people. And it was the swing of the guillotine that touched into effective form the freedom and the piquant, baffling grace of the music of the Franks. America has not even a National hymn of her own. She borrowed "God Save the King" and wrote new lyrics to it. That's all. No wonder that history repeats itself on Broadway when melodies of Chopin, Beethoven, Schubert, and many others are "lifted" bodily and "snappy" words set to their noble but helpless cadences.

America has not suffered the toil and the stress and even the blood-letting that cements a national art into homogeneous fixity. But those who make our music bear this experience in their blood. And so, just as New York is the kneading-trough of all races, in this Broadway of ours lies the medium through which our National aspirations will be met. It may be in the realm of grand opera; more likely in the stirrup-cup of jazz.

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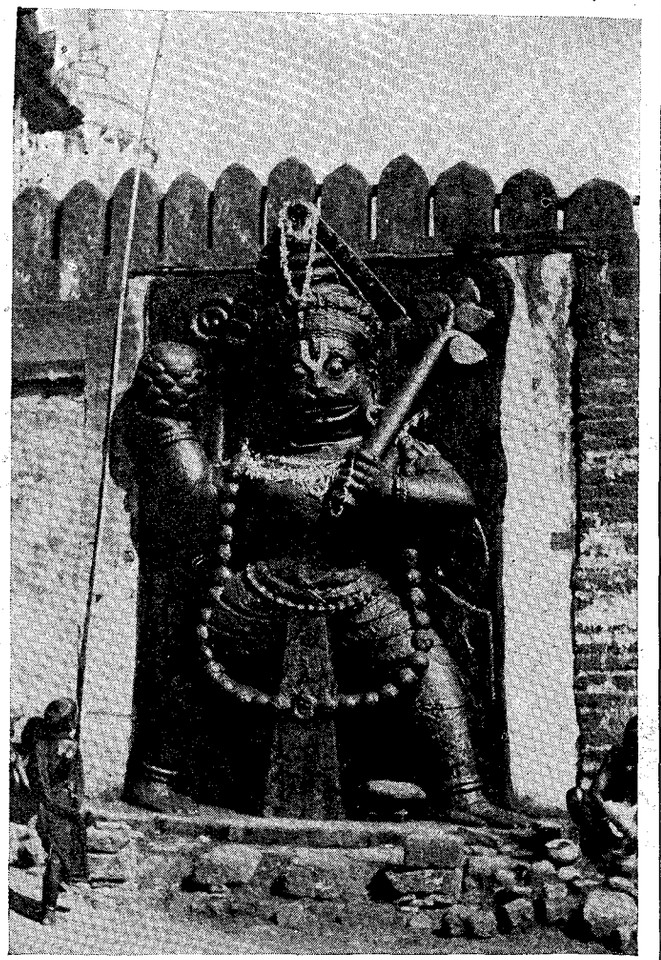
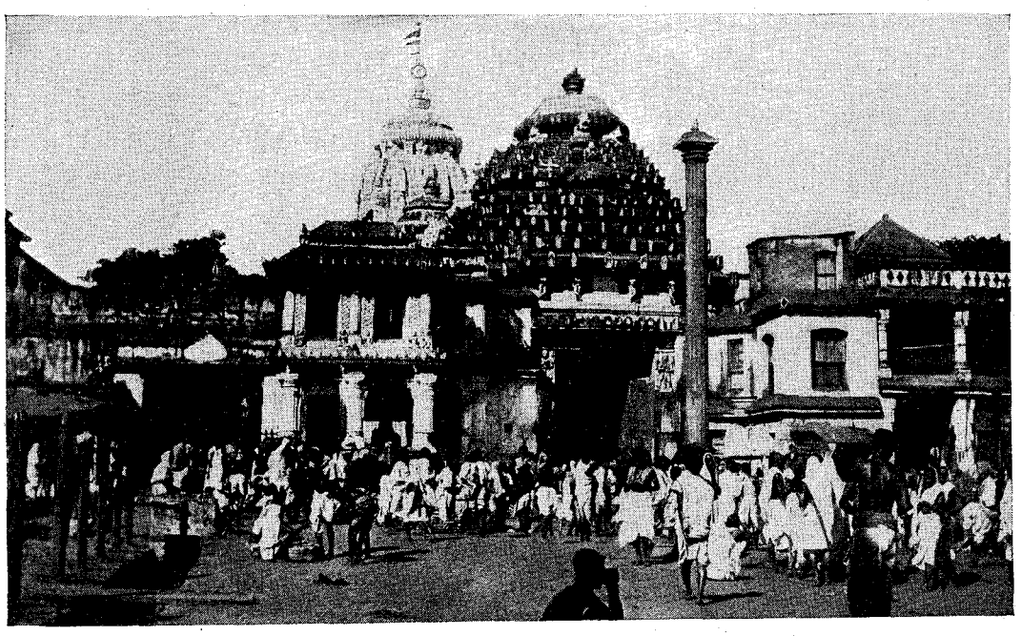
"THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS"

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



HUGE IMAGE AT THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT, AT PURI, INDIA

Puri is one of the holy places of India. Among the famous relics preserved there for centuries is the so-called Golden Tooth of Buddha; and the temple in honor of Vishnu, called the Temple of Jagannath or Juggernaut, is celebrated in connection with the festival in which the "Car of Juggernaut" was drawn through the streets. Pilgrims were sometimes accidentally killed by the car, and the belief was formerly prevalent that they offered themselves as human sacrifices



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT, THROUGH WHICH IT IS SAID NO EUROPEAN OR AMERICAN HAS EVER PASSED

From Paul C. Kuegle, Youngstown, Ohio

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THE BOOK TABLE

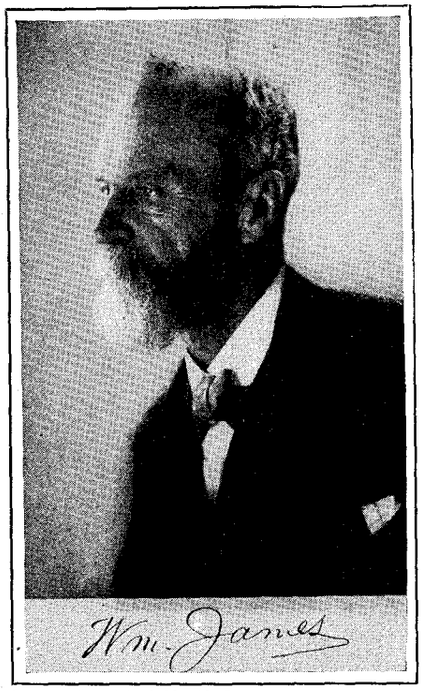
WILLIAM JAMES, LOVER OF LIFE[1]

BY JOHN ERSKINE

IT is not surprising that these remarkable letters, published several months ago, won immediate attention and are still awakening continued comment; it is hard to imagine a time, so long as the American character is studied, when they will not be considered important. In literary art, in the narrow sense of the term, they do not equal the letters of Emerson or Hawthorne or Lowell, to say nothing of the great letter writers in England. As comments upon his professional achievements, above all upon his philosophy, they are rather disappointing, or at best they yield only an indirect illumination. But they give us William James the man. This is their importance. He illustrated in himself rather than in his philosophy what most Americans of our time have been searching for, and the hospitality and the generosity of his temper satisfied them, whether or not they understood his works. "The reader will in vain seek for any closed system in the book," he wrote in the preface to his great "Psychology." Any reader could understand, even without reading further, that here was a man who wished to keep the universe open and to give every living thing its chance. This temper, this personality, shines through these letters, somewhat apart from the philosophy it produced; and, since it proved in some sort an answer to our times or an expression of them, the unconscious self-portrait of William James will probably be of permanent interest.

This is as much as to say that in his letters he seems bigger than his philosophy. He was of a size to produce pragmatism, and other things besides, but pragmatism is no recipe for producing a nature so large, a culture so competent, a spirit so fine as his. We talk currently of pragmatism much as our elders discussed Darwinism. We are aware of course that the philosophies are not of equal consequence to the world as yet, and we are pretty sure that in science Darwin will remain the giant. But whereas Darwin for the average man is a remote figure, happily interpreted to the world by brilliant disciples, William James was himself a personality of the first brilliance, likely for a long time to swallow up most of his disciples into his private reputation. If the evolutionary hypothesis should unexpectedly be abandoned, would Darwin be remembered except as a name in obsolete science? But even though there should be no more pragmatism, there would still be William James—one of the most admirable and attractive characters in our history.

He was a lover of life, of that kind that Whitman prophesied, whose fame among men should be only the measure and the repayment of his passionate interest in them. His business was to tell the truth about life as he saw it—much the same business as the painter's or the novelist's, who reproduces faithfully, with only that judgment on the fact which his personality unconsciously supplies. Among the illustrations of these two volumes some delightful sketches



Courtesy of the Atlantic Monthly Press

WILLIAM JAMES

from his pocket note-book indicate at once what an eye he had for the animated and the concrete. Here is as good a key as any to his character as man—and perhaps as philosopher too. He was an artist, first, delighting in the quality of life; and if he turned to philosophy early, it was to an artist's philosophy. One recalls, from the "Psychology," a sentence in the chapter on "Habit:" "All goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this workaday world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form!" A motto for a Chaucer, a Montaigne, a Shakespeare, a Balzac—for all painters of loving realism. By some such insight Fielding was inspired to draw men and women as they are, not as they took form in Richardson's *a priori* imagination; since he loved his fellows, his realism produced not an indictment but a portrait. In that sense it was an artist's affection and an artist's intelligence which made James's "Psychology"—that priceless description of the way we think and feel, without prejudgments as to how we ought to think and feel.

Indeed, if we came to these letters without knowing the profession of the writer, would we guess him a scientist or a novelist after reading the portrait of the German household: "The great, thick remarks, all about housekeeping and domestic economy of some sort or other; the jokes; the masses of eatables, from that awful swine-soup (tasting of nothing I could think of but the perspiration of the animal and which the terrible mother forced me to gulp down by accusing me, whenever I grew pale and faltered, of not relishing their food), through the sausages (liver sausages, blood sausages, and more) to the beer and wine; then the masses of odoriferous cheese, which I refused in spite of all attacks, entreaties, and accusations, and then heard, oh horrors! with somewhat the feeling I suppose with which a criminal hears the judge pass sentence of death on him—then heard an order given for some more sausages to be brought in to me instead; the air of religious earnestness with which the eating of the father was talked about, how the mother told the daughter not to give him so much wine, because he never enjoyed his beer so much after it; while he, with his silver spectacles and pointing with his pudgy fingers to the lines, read out of the newspaper half aloud to himself."

This seizing on the quality of life, with the painter's or the novelist's delight, might be illustrated from almost any page, even when the subject is his professional work. In some cases the editor seems to have selected sentences that would make this very point, as in the delightful account of the spiritist medium: "(April 6) Hodgson and I started after our baggage arrived, to find Mr. B——, who, you may have seen by the papers, is making a scandal by having given himself over (hand and foot) to a medium, 'Madam D——,' who does most extraordinarily described physical performances. We found the old girl herself, a type for Alexandre Dumas, obese, wicked, jolly, intellectual, with no end of go and animal spirits, who entertained us for an hour, gave us an appointment for a sitting on Monday, and asked us to come and see Mr. B. tonight. What will come of it I don't know. It will be baffling, I suppose, like everything else of that kind."

"(April 7) Mr. B. and Mrs. D. were 'too tired' to see us last night! I suspect that will be the case next Monday. It is the knowing thing to do under the circumstances. But that woman is one with whom one would fall *wildly* in love, if in love at all—she is such a fat, *fat* old villain. . . ."

"(April 24th) In bed at 11.30, after the most hideously inept psychical night, in Charleston, over a much-praised female medium who fraudulently played on the guitar. A plague take all white-livered,

[1] The Letters of William James. Edited by his Son, Henry James. 2 vols. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $10.

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anæmic, flaccid, weak-voiced Yankee frauds! Give me a full-blooded red-lipped villain like dear old D.—; when shall I look upon her like again?"

These quotations of course cannot show the range of James's character, though they suggest to us its type. To get the whole portrait with its rollicking humor at one extreme and its noble sentiment at the other (as in the wonderful letter to his dying father) we must read every page. And on every page we recognize in the man something singularly contemporary—the courage, the confidence in life, the hospitality toward man, toward all sorts and conditions of men, which our times, imperfectly democratic, profoundly desire to learn.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

WHAT SHALL I THINK OF JAPAN? By George Gleason. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

This new book on Japan is by a Y. M. C. A. secretary who has lived long in Japan. He knows the country and people well. He appreciates their good qualities, and after reading his book we too are left with a greater appreciation of them. But he is not blind to their defects. Especially is this evident in his indictment of the Japanese Government with regard to its attitude towards China and Korea. Japan's recent blunders, according to Mr. Gleason, have been five in particular:

(1) The disposition during the war to regard Shantung as a spoil of war.

(2) The Twenty-one Demands on China.

(3) The Siberian policy.

(4) The demand at Paris for Shantung.

(5) The administration of affairs in Korea.

As to Japanese emigration to America the book is less satisfactory. Mr. Gleason's solution is apparently nothing better than Dr. Gulick's plan of admitting each year a maximum equal to a certain percentage of the Japanese who have already become citizens.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

AFRICAN ADVENTURE (AN). By Isaac F. Marcosson. The John Lane Company, New York. $5.

Mr. Marcosson's book is prefaced by an excellent portrait of King Albert of Belgium. Belgian interests in Africa long furnished occasion for condemnation. It is a satisfaction now to read: "More than 12,000 natives are employed throughout the Congo mining area alone, and nowhere have I seen a more contented lot of blacks." More inspiring is the author's description of South Africa. He gives us a first-hand view of General Smuts. "His middle name is Christian," says Mr. Marcosson, "and it does not belie a strong phase of his character. Without carrying his religious convictions on his coat-sleeve, he has nevertheless a fine spiritual strain in his make-up. He is an all-round dependable person, with an adaptability to environment that is little short of amazing." The book is also notable and even fascinating because of its allusions to Cecil Rhodes—especially to his love of the land, as shown throughout the great region under British control and particularly in its addition of Rhodesia. In 1894, it appears, Rhodes engaged John Hays Hammond, the eminent American mining engineer, to investigate the ancient workings of the mines in Rhodesia. Some authorities claimed that people from the Kingdom of Saba, referred to in the Bible, were the pioneers in the Rhodesian gold fields and sold the output to the Phœnicians; others contend that the Phœnicians themselves delved here. Mr. Hammond reported that great skill in mining had been displayed by these pioneers, and that much precious metal had been extracted, which had been practically all exported from the country. Mr. Hammond wrote the mining laws of Rhodesia, an adaptation of our own code. The romantic side of the Rhodesian mineral deposits has been indicated in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines." Some have supposed that Rhodesia was Ophir, whence came the gold and precious stones that decked Solomon's palaces.

STREET OF FACES (THE). By Charles Vince. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The "street of faces" is that of London—a kind of multifarious street that includes many types of faces that the Londoner loves. The book's old-fashioned typographic effect forms a charming setting for the delightful drawings of London scenes.

BIOGRAPHY

HALL OF FAME EDITION OF THE LIFE OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER. By Professor Palmer. Regular Edition $1.50. Autographed Edition $2.

This new edition of Professor Palmer's biography of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, should be of distinct interest to all Wellesley graduates. This life of Mrs. Palmer is too well known to need detailed discussion here. The present edition contains an Introduction by Katharine Lee Bates and a special cover. It will be sold for the benefit of the Wellesley College Semi-Centennial Fund. Professor Palmer has promised to give the royalty which he receives from this edition to the Fund and has autographed a few copies which are for sale. The book may be obtained from the Wellesley Semi-Centennial Fund Headquarters at 275 Lexington Avenue, New York.

POETRY

MYSTIC WARRIOR (THE). By James Oppenheim. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. $5.

Mr. Oppenheim, well known as one of the younger group of American poets, has with considerable success made the experiment of writing an autobiographic novel in free verse. From the point of view of expression the form is an innovation, deriving from the dissolving pictures of the "movie" and employing the material of the novel; giving the reader a series of vivid flashes of insight out of which the reader himself must formulate the human and spiritual experience reflected. From the far more important aspect of content, "Mystic Warriors" is an objective analysis of personal experience, of the impact of contemporary life on the spirit of a typical American, one of that large body of our citizens whose spiritual traditions have their roots in an alien culture and civilization.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS. Informal Chapters on Painters, Vaudeville, and Poets. By Marsden Hartley. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Essays on miscellaneous subjects bearing on the arts, not the least merit of the chapters being that they are short and not too subtle.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA (A). By Benjamin Brawley. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. $1.50.

TORTOISE (THE). By Mary Borden. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

TOTEM OF BLACK HAWK. By Everett McNeill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

TRIGGER OF CONSCIENCE (THE). By Robert Orr Chipperfield. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.90.

VALLEY OF GOLD (THE). (A Tale of the Saskatchewan.) By David Howarth. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.75.

VINDICATION OF ROBERT CREIGHTON (THE). By Daniel Frederick Fox. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.75.

WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS—AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Marie Conway Oemler. The Century Company, New York. $1.90.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS. Second Group. By Charles D. Isaacson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

MAN, PERCIVAL LOWELL (THE): AN AFTERGLOW. By Louise Leonard. Illustrated. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

MARLBOROUGH AND THE RISE OF THE BRITISH ARMY. By C. T. Atkinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF. By Andra Kirkaldy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

GRIM: THE STORY OF A PIKE. Translated from the Danish of Svend Fleuron. By Jesse Muir and W. Emme. Illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

HEARTS AND THE DIAMOND. By Gerald Beaumont. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

JIST HUNTIN'. By Ozark Ripley. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $2.

REMINISCENT TALES OF A HUMBLE ANGLER. By Dr. Frank Mackie Johnson. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICA'S POWER RESOURCES. By Chester G. Gilbert and Joseph E. Pogue. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

HEART AND SOUL. By Maveric Post. The Century Company, New York. $3.

HEROINES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND. Stories and Poems. Edited by Elva S. Smith. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $2.

LINCOLN AND PROHIBITION. By Charles T. White. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, Secretary of The Outlook Company, will cover the Disarmament Conference for The Outlook. He also covered the peace negotiations for The Outlook. He writes this week of "Britain at the Conference."

MEADE MINNIGERODE contributes another of his romantic sea stories. He is the author of "Laughing House" and "The Big Year," and has contributed to the "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," "Ladies' Home Journal," and other periodicals.

THEODORE STEARNS reveals further inside facts about Broadway. He is at present conductor of "The Rose Girl," which recently opened its run at the Wilbur Theater, Boston. Last season he was conductor of "Apple Blossoms." His one-act grand opera, "The Snowbird," has been accepted for production by the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, JR., was born in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1893. He is a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and of Yale University, where he took his B.A. degree in 1916. At Yale he was a member of the University track team, chairman of the Yale "Literary Magazine," and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He has gathered valuable impressions bearing on American industrial problems by working as a laborer in a steel mill and a brass foundry.

JOHN ERSKINE has been Professor of English at Columbia University since 1916. He was formerly on the Faculty of Amherst. He was chairman of the Army Educational Committee of the A. E. F. and was Educational Director of the A. E. F. University at Beaune, France, in 1919.

P. W. WILSON was a member of England's House of Commons from 1902 to 1910. He is now American correspondent of the London "Daily News." He is a graduate of Cambridge.

THREE illuminating letters on the Japanese question are published in this issue. One is from his Excellency K. Shidehara, the Japanese Ambassador; another by Professor Kuno, of the University of California; and the third is by Julian Street, whose latest book, "Mysterious Japan," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

JOHN BURROUGHS, a second of whose posthumous articles appears in this issue, was born in Roxbury, New York, in 1837. He died last April while on his way home from California. Among his many books are "Birds and Poets," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Fresh Fields," "Literary Values," "Ways of Nature," "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt," and "The Summit of the Years."

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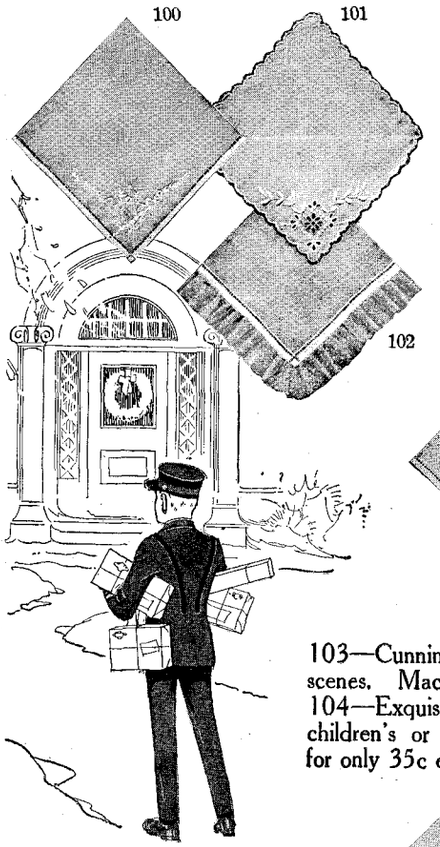

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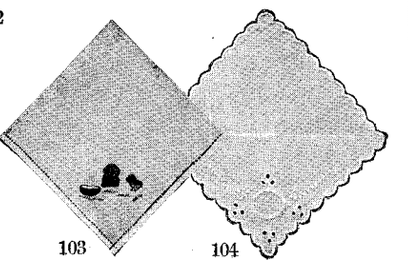

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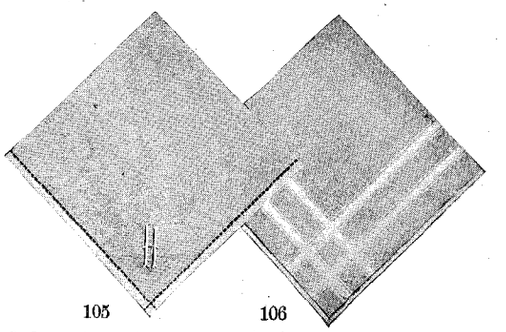

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YOU CAN'T WORK WITHOUT TOOLS

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

YOU can't work without tools. But, on the other hand, if you haven't any work to do what need is there of tools of any kind? Some people say that, comparatively speaking at least, there isn't any work in America. The writer thinks otherwise.

During all the discussion of industrial conditions — depression, unemployment, lack of sales—it seems odd that no economist has emphasized one single, significant factor that might be employed as an index of business in general. Market letters may concern themselves with the fluctuation of standard securities; trade bulletins may present graphs on cost of living; labor boards estimate and re-estimate the number of the unemployed. Yet all of these criteria are to a degree unreliable, inasmuch as they may be based on conditions either subject to manipulation or controlled by weather vagaries, as in the case of crop yields, or dictated by political expediency or class self-interest. There is, however, one method of estimate that suggests itself as fairly indicative.

It has been said that the capitalist of 1870 would be useless as an executive in the modern business world in so far as he, unfamiliar with the miracles of invention utilized in every office to-day, would be unable to adapt himself to our commercial procedure and methods. In the day when the typewriter was a rough device with a child's alphabet blocks impaled on nails as a keyboard or the talking-machine a rickety instrument ground squealingly by hand, one of Mrs. Wharton's "Innocents" would have been forgiven for looking askance at the introduction of such devices as office aids. But to-day, with typewriters spinning out the sentences faster than the eye can follow, with the dictation of the executive caught up and canned overnight for oral reiteration the next morning, with filing systems which supply within seconds any information desired on any subject from "Aaron" to "Zyxomma," the tools of the business worker are complicated and varied indeed. And to keep time with modern competition the business man must have these tools. If, then, he is buying them—typewriters, dictaphones, filing systems, safes, cabinets, ledgers, check-protectors, mimeographs, cash registers, adding machines, stationery, all those things one sees in any modern office—if he is buying these, and buying them freely, it is fairly reasonable to infer that there is still some business visible.

That all these appurtenances of a modern office are actually being eagerly bought is proved by a file of correspondence to which the writer was afforded access in mid-October. The file was composed of nineteen letters from the executives of Nationally known manufactories of safes, cash registers, typewriters—all the articles cited above. Of all these nineteen letters only two

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report any falling off of sales for September, 1921; one estimates amount of sales as constant; while all of the other sixteen report sales in September to have exceeded sales in August of this year, many report September as their best month in 1921; and several report sales of this September in excess of sales of last September, which month, as may be recalled, represented nearly the high-water mark of our phenomenal post-war activities.

One firm, for example, manufacturing a machine used in every bank and large office, not only in America, but almost throughout the world, while admitting a falling off of about fifteen per cent in business as compared with 1920, supplemented this information with the remark that the 1920 business had been a million dollars' worth more than any previous year. Another famous manufacturer, producing an internationally known computing machine, gives his increase of business over September, 1920, as $20,000; while from Detroit comes the report of forty per cent more business this September than in any other month of this year.

Nor is the apparent promise of rapid and steady increase of sales confined to any single locality. New York City, New York State, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, all report good business; and one concern having branch offices in Michigan, Missouri, California, and Massachusetts gives an optimistic answer for all.

Individual replies summarized are as follows:

From a typewriter firm in New York City: "We find that September sales were in excess of August sales about thirty-five per cent, and September sales exceeded July by about 65 per cent."

An office filing manufacturer in the Middle West writes: "Our sales for September were $15,000 in excess of our sales for August, and October too is starting off splendidly."

A safe manufacturer in Ohio: "We are expecting continued improvement during the month of October."

Producers of a machine seen in every corner of the globe call $150,000 in greater sales only "a very slight increase," but add: "Our men in the South are very optimistic on account of the advance in the price of cotton."

Of two manufacturers of adding machines one reports a ten per cent increase over September and another a fifty per cent increase.

Subjecting these reports to careful analysis, catching, as the writer had the opportunity to do, the undercurrent note of confidence and optimism, recognizing the sad truth that many business leaders have, either from a misguided conviction of the rottenness of the world or from a real fear of almost confiscatory taxation, inclined purposely toward pessimism, it is easy to see that something rather extraordinary must have occurred with the coming of autumn. The fabricators of appliances, so successful as to have made known and marketed their products all the wide world over, must as a condition of continued prosperity keep in close touch with all as-

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THIS issue of The Outlook contains the announcements of many leading publishers. These advertisements are a guide to many of the best of the season's new books. The issue of The Outlook for December 7 will also contain a number of interesting publishers' announcements.

YOU CAN'T WORK WITHOUT TOOLS
(*Continued*)

pects of trade. Their cheerful outlook is worth attention.

Nor are the purchasers of America lining their walls with files, piling their desks with typewriters, tinkling away at new cash registers, or installing adding machines for the mere amusement of buying.

IMMIGRANT STATIONS FOR PLANTS

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

PROBABLY it has not occurred to some of us that this Nation's efforts toward "Americanization" are not confined to human immigrants. We are yearly bringing into the country and Americanizing hordes of foreign plants. If any one of us traces his family history back far enough, he finds that he is the descendant of an immigrant. Some of us have not realized that the history of plants in America is very similar. Plant introduction has given to the United States practically all of its commercial crops.

Most of these have become so thoroughly naturalized and Americanized that we are astonished to learn that they are not natives. That astonishment will be progressive through the centuries. The day will come when Americans, wandering through our great bamboo forests—at present non-existent—will be as much astonished to learn that the bamboo is a "foreigner" as we of to-day are surprised when told that wheat is not a native.

Plant introduction was for a long time dependent upon private initiative and enterprise. Travelers saw this or that plant abroad, or nursery or seed houses learned of something else, and specimens were brought in for trial. But no systematic, scientific effort to increase the flora of the country was made until a comparatively few years ago, when Mr. Barbour Lathrop, a wealthy San Franciscan whose hobby was plant gathering, suggested and really financed the first Government attempt to find useful new plants for cultivation in America. The Bureau of Plant Industry, of the United States Department of Agriculture, is now systematically combing the earth to find varieties of plants that may be useful in American life.

Famous scientists like Dr. David Fairchild, who is in charge of the Bureau's office of foreign seed and plant introduction, the late Frank N. Meyer, and others have journeyed and are continuing to journey to the utmost confines of the earth in their search for new plants for America. And hundreds of correspondents and collaborators in foreign lands are constantly sending the United States innumerable seed and plant foreigners.

A plant foreigner differs but little from a human foreigner. It may be an anarchist or a desirable citizen. Its history may be a criminal one or a record of worthy accomplishment. So there

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must be detention points, immigration stations, for these floral newcomers, where their histories and potentialities may be inquired into. Uncle Sam has therefore created at appropriate points in his wide domain a number of Ellis Islands for plants.

At Brooksville, in the hummock region of western Florida, is a plant immigration station that furnishes ideal conditions for the propagation of plants coming from the moister but not tropical parts of China and Japan. In these gardens are located the first sizable Federal plantation of bamboo. This plant is one of the most valuable trees in the world. The smooth stems rise fifty feet in air, branchless for the greater part of their length. In spring these trees furnish an abundance of edible young shoots as delicious as asparagus. The wood is extremely strong. The little canes are our common bamboo fishing-poles. The larger stems are useful in a thousand ways. This plant can be grown from the Carolinas to Texas, and there is every reason to believe that our descendants will some day wander through great forests of bamboo in America.

At Miami is another plant-introduction garden. Here frost is practically unknown. The character of the region is largely tropical. So the Miami station is most advantageous for the propagation and preliminary testing of a wide range of new plants from tropical and subtropical regions.

The Chico, California, station is located in the very heart of one of the leading deciduous fruit and nut sections. Here the summers are long and hot, the winters are mild, and water for irrigation is abundant. So the Chico station becomes the appropriate place to try out such widely differing plants as alfalfa from Siberia, hardy fruits from Russia, chestnuts, persimmons, and jujubes from northern China, and citrus fruits from the tropics.

At Bellingham, Washington, a station has been created after extensive experiments to find the best place in America to grow bulbs, for Uncle Sam feels that America ought not to be dependent upon other lands for her bulb supply. Millions of bulbs bloom there. And there are reasons to believe from these experiments that the so-called "Dutch bulbs" can be grown just as well in this country as in Holland, while tests show that in some respects these home-grown bulbs are even superior to the Holland products. Almost certainly the result of these experiments will be the building up of a great bulb industry in the Puget Sound region.

The Yarrow station, at Rockville, Maryland, was established primarily to meet the need for a place near Washington where plants could be inspected by the Federal Horticultural Board, and properly guarded if there is a suspicion that they are diseased. Lack of proper control of plant introductions in earlier days unleashed upon the country such terrible scourges as the chestnut blight and the San José scale. Uncle Sam does not intend to have a repetition of such a thing.

Still another station is located at

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A SERIES of four editorials on "The Church's Stake in the Armament Conference" is beginning now in The Christian Century. In no peaceful period has the church given so much evidence of a vital interest in the essentially Christian business of abolishing war as in the past few months. Enlightened Christian churchmen are coming to regard the Washington conference as an event in whose issue and outcome they have, as Christians, the most vital stake. They feel, moreover, that the responsibility of creating an atmosphere not merely of ardent expectancy but of moral demand rests peculiarly upon them and their churches in these crucial, vibrant weeks. This conviction has been finding steady expression in The Christian Century. It was in the editorial columns of this paper that the suggestion was first made to observe November 11 as a high day for prayer and earnest discussion. Into every city and hamlet of the country the idea has been carried by magazines and the daily press until it has now received the reinforcement of President Harding's request that the day be made a solemn holiday.

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What Edwin Markham, Social Prophet, says

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I said, "Mr. Markham, would you have any objection to having Dr. Morrison quote you as saying that?"

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So do what you please with what he said. He *meant* it, with all his fine soul. He has such a passion for a social and industrial interpretation of the gospel that he thrills when he finds a new paper or a new preacher or teacher who believes that Jesus taught a gospel that reaches down into life.

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IMMIGRANT STATIONS FOR PLANTS
(*Continued*)

Savannah, Georgia. In these stations Uncle Sam takes charge of all the plant immigrants coming to the Bureau of Plant Industry.

The enormous labor connected with the handling of these newcomers is past belief. From all corners of the earth come bales of plants, cuttings, and seeds that must first be unpacked, given each an identification number, and at once inspected for disease. If in any way tainted, a plant is immediately ordered into quarantine. Otherwise it gets a clean bill of health, which permits of its distribution as occasion necessitates.

The plant propagators at these stations often have to resort to every known practice of the craft to save a plant arriving out of condition or out of season. And sometimes, when they are handling plants utterly unknown to them, they must devise methods entirely new.

The necessary records of a plant immigrant include a Federal Horticultural Board inspection card, a plant introduction card, a plant order card, and a shipping tag upon which is a certificate of inspection. And each of these cards must contain minutely detailed information, such as the name of the sender, name of inspector, treatment prescribed, date received, number of specimens received, probable economic value, name of recipient if shipped out for trial, and so on.

Merely to list the thousands of plants that have come to these immigrant stations would fill a book or two. Plants of all sorts, from forest trees to ornamental vines, are on trial. Many of these plants are no better than our native plants of like sorts. Some are inferior. Yet many have been discovered that may be helpful in improving old species here or in establishing new industries.

For instance, take the peach. For quality American peaches lead the world. But they are terribly subject to disease. Among the plant immigrants are scores of peach trees from many quarters of the globe. Some of these are highly resistant to many peach diseases, and will doubtless eventually revolutionize peach culture in America, either through hybridization or by their use as stocks to graft on, thus making the trees hardier.

Scores of different strains of wheat are under culture. New fruits of all sorts are here. Ornamental shrubs, medicinal plants, forest trees, food plants, grow here. Many newcomers have proved extremely valuable. The Chinese jujube, which bears a big fruit as large as a big prune, promises to create a new industry. The tung-oil tree, from the seeds of which is made one of the best drying oils known to commerce, has been successfully introduced into a number of Southern States. The pistache tree, the nuts of which give us the green vegetable coloring for confections, has been found to do especially well in California. The udo, a Japanese salad plant that produces edible shoots like asparagus, has been

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We who have been making this magazine what it is today understand the *many* reasons why it has attained this position of dominance; why it is preferred above all other publications of its kind by so many thousands of sportsmen. We do not know, however, what specific single reason, if any, is most responsible for this growth; and that is what we want to find out.

Sit down this evening and write us a letter, stating in not more than 200 words exactly why you consider FIELD AND STREAM the best magazine of its kind. Your reason may be the unusual service rendered free of charge by its various departments—"Arms and Ammunition," "Fish and Fishermen," "The Kennel," "Vacation Information Service," etc.—which answer each month hundreds of requests for both technical and non-technical information. Your reason may be the great good which FIELD AND STREAM is accomplishing in its fight for conservation and better laws. Whatever it is, explain why that feature is of first importance to you.

The prizes named above will be awarded to the persons whose letters we consider the most constructive and helpful. Letters will not be judged according to their "literary style" but solely according to their critical value. You may win first prize, and thereby recoup a part of your Christmas expenses.

Contest closes December 31, 1921. Letters will not be considered after that date.

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IMMIGRANT STATIONS FOR PLANTS

(*Continued*)

sent out from the immigrant stations and found adaptable to many parts of the country.

As a co-operator for the Bureau of Plant Industry, I am growing udo in my gardens in central Pennsylvania. In these same gardens and orchards I am growing Siberian plums, Spanish cherries, Chinese vines, real Irish potatoes, and other plants in an effort to learn for Uncle Sam where his new immigrants will thrive and what they are good for.

A new blight resistant chestnut has been found that may replace our departing native chestnuts; a Chinese dry-land elm has been brought from Manchuria that may some day play a part in reforesting America. The Egyptian cotton, so useful to tire-makers because of its long fibers, has been successfully introduced into the West. The chayote, the avocado, the East Indian mango, the petsai, the kudzu vine, Sudan grass, and innumerable other plants have been introduced that promise to be of greatest usefulness in this country. As the process of Americanization proceeds, we shall find that many others among the 50,000 immigrants received at our Ellis Islands for plants will help to widen, extend, and perhaps almost to revolutionize American agriculture.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Hot, stranger? Well, it may be overwarm.
No, I don't hardly think there'll be a storm.
What are the people like here in this town?
They ain't perfection, you can put that down.
It all depends. I can't tell how they'd strike
Your notions. Tell me, though, what were they like
Where you were last? A mean, cantankerous lot,
You say; you left the God-forsaken spot
Glad to be quit of them. Well, that's rough on you,
For here you'll find them largely that way, too.

Good-morning! Yes, it is a lovely day.
Just passing through here? So? you mean to stay.
You wonder what the folks are like. Oh, well,
They're just plain humans, I can hardly tell.
How were they in the place where you were last?
Honest and kind, you say; they never passed
An ugly word to you, every one was your friend,
You grieved to think such pleasant times must end.
Stranger, I'm glad for both sides that you came;
You'll find the people here are just the same.

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Until midnight of December 31 you can take advantage of our new clothbound book sale. So far we have devoted most of our energies to paperbound books, but we are now placing on sale some of the finest books in the English language—substantially bound in cloth—at very low prices, as the figures below will prove. We advise you to hurry in your order, as we cannot guarantee these titles will remain in stock very long.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COLLEGE woman, stenographer, executive, accustomed to meeting people, desires position as private secretary. 602, Outlook.

LADY, experienced, desires position as superintendent in home for aged. 614, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY experienced in the management of larger and smaller households desires position as visiting housekeeper, companion, or secretary. 570, Outlook.

A young lady of refinement and culture, aged 30, four years' voluntary nurse during World's War, is desirous of securing a position as companion to lady going to California or Florida. Highest references as to social standing and qualifications. Miss Coleman, 4 West Melrose St., Chevy Chase, Maryland, Washington, D. C.

COMPANION or governess. French, English, experienced in educating children, highly recommended, desires situation in family going to Europe. Would take entire charge of delicate child. 609, Outlook.

YOUNG refined woman desires position as companion-secretary to lady. Excellent references. 606, Outlook.

WANTED, by lady of experience, position as companion, secretary, managing housekeeper, either visiting or resident, in New York. Excellent references. 611, Outlook.

LADY of refinement, experience, ability, desires position as companion or supervisor of home. Prefers South or travel. References. 627, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MIDDLE-aged woman would act as companion to invalid or children in the afternoon. Chaperon, mending, etc. Philadelphia or suburbs. 613, Outlook.

LADY, educated, refined, traveled extensively, experienced in nursing, bookkeeping, household management, and with children, wants trustworthy position. References. 615, Outlook.

REFINED American woman, experienced, desires position in Florida as companion, seamstress, or housekeeper. Employers' references. Box 46, Chatham, N. J.

YOUNG lady wishes position as traveling companion. Speaks French fluently. Or could take entire charge of house while parents are away. 620, Outlook.

VISITING housekeeping, opening houses, engaging servants. Miss Dunsing, 591 Lexington Ave. Plaza 5069.

POSITION as matron in school or child-caring institution. Experienced, indorsed. 622, Outlook.

ASSISTANT or kindergartner in children's institution, or mother's helper private family. Protestant, 25. Refined, adaptable. 625, Outlook.

FORMER hotel man, married, no children, desires position as caretaker country home. 624, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

SEWING and cooking teacher desires position. Preferably New England States. 616, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman — primary teacher—as secretary, companion, resident teacher, or governess. Best references. 623, Outlook.

DIRECTOR in community house desires like position elsewhere: or in boys' home. Or as teacher in private school. Over eight years' experience. 600. Outlook.

GOVERNESS, young French-Swiss, refined, first class references, experienced, wishes position in good American family. 603, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

TRUNKS, BAGS, SUITCASES. Why pay two middlemen profits? Buy from factory direct. Send for free catalog. Monarch Trunk Factory, Spring Valley, Ill.

I will write club papers, speeches, and advertising matter at reasonable rates. Ten years' experience as newspaper writer. 605, Outlook.

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WANTED—Home for healthy normal girl baby 16 months old. Must be within thirty miles of New York City. Will pay $30 a week, furnish all clothes, and pay doctor's bills. Arrangements will probably continue for at least a year if satisfactory. Give full particulars as to qualifications and surroundings. 619, Outlook.

IS there woman of means who would like Protestant young woman take daughter's place in home? Experienced traveler, business experience, cheerful disposition. Highest references. 621, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse will care for aged person, semi-invalid, convalescent, in her own home. Suburban town near New York. 626, Outlook.

FREE UNITARIAN LITERATURE. Correspondence solicited. Mrs. Helen Whiton, Hingham Center, Mass.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

LET me help you with your club paper. Expert service. 493, Outlook.

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MOODY & SANKEY GOSPEL HYMNS 1 to 6

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 471H State St., Marshall, Mich.

"MINE OWN PEOPLE"

BY HARRY LEE WATSON

State Prison

The prize-winning letters in The Outlook's third contest, which called for stories of "Mine Own People," were published in The Outlook for September 21. This is one of the letters which failed to win a prize, but which certainly deserves publication.—THE EDITORS.

IN the cell on one side of mine is a man who has journeyed everywhere, a citizen of the world; in the cell on the other side is a man who never had been outside of the county in which he was born until he came to prison; above me is a man who committed a crime that seems impossible for human mind to plan, yet he is care-free and unconcerned; while the man below me is here with no sense of guilt, for he came because of a technicality of law and not from any wrong intent or purpose, and he is cynical and morose; in the dining-room I sit between an overseas soldier and a one-time successful business man; in the prison yard I mingle with other men from every walk and station in life; in the chapel on Sunday morning I sit by one man who is moved to tears and penitence by the discourse on life, death, and eternity, while I see another who is moved to mocking and cursing; and they are, all of them, just "Mine Own People."

They are folks identical with those of any community. They have their joys and sorrows, their hopes and despairs, just as such emotions come to all mortals. And my days are better and brighter, my life is easier and happier, because I live "with" these chance neighbors instead of "among" them.

That is the greatest lesson adventuring with life has taught me: to give myself to those about me. I have failed many times; I have won again and again and lost each winning; prisons have claimed, deservedly, many years of my life; agony that words cannot describe has touched the very depths of my heart, mind, and soul; but as I recount the toll my experiences have exacted and set it against what I see the future has to offer I am glad for it all. Glad because I have learned the one supreme lesson of living: that the Master Mind of the universe did not create man to live only for or by himself.

I have learned that wherever we may be—on the heights, in the valley, or on the wide reaches of the middle ground—wherever we may be the degree of happiness and success that we secure depends entirely upon the portion of our lives we give to those about us. "Mine Own People" must become a term of endearment to us in place of a loosely spoken and meaningless phrase.

The common argument against the giving of one's self intimately to others or of permitting others to give so of their lives to us is, "They are not my kind," or, "I do not care to associate with that class of people." There is too much of such thought abroad in the world. I have found it everywhere I

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Christmas cards must express friendliness and be in different styles for different friends. Charming assortment of 20 different cards, daintily tinted, white wedding stock with envelopes. Unusual value saving money and hours of weary shopping 1.00

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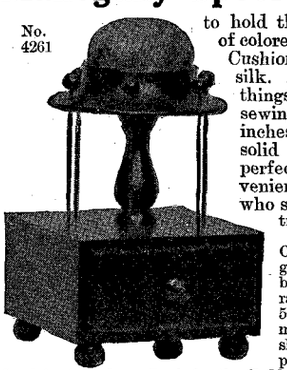

to hold the various spools of colored silk and thread. Cushion top of Dresden silk. Drawer for small things one needs while sewing. Cabinet is 7½ inches high, made of solid mahogany and perfectly finished. Convenient for any one who sews and most attractive for any room.

Postpaid, $4.50.

Our catalog shows gifts for every member of the family and ranging in price from 50c upward. It will make your Christmas shopping a pleasure.

Send for it to-day. Look for the *Pohlson* things in stores and gift shops.

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"MINE OWN PEOPLE"
(*Continued*)

have been—even within the narrow confines of prison walls, where, one would think, a common interest and the very nature of the environment would make toward real brotherhood.

But it is not so. Here, as elsewhere, the common cry is: "Shall I risk my respectability, my character, my social or business standing, by associating with this, that, or the other person? What gain can I have from giving thought, time, or substance of mine to any about me?"

Ah, there is the barrier! Gain! We ever seek our profit, and never consider what benefits we may bring to others. We forget, if indeed we ever realized, that of all the arts the one of living is the highest and the best. And its greatest worth lies in the simple fact that no mortal is barred from being a success in it; every individual may become a master in the art of living if he will.

This art has but one rule: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And those words of the Christ offer the transforming touch that can change the folks about us from a horde of beings into separate entities who are "Mine Own People," while ordering our thoughts and acts according to them will bring us "gain" that we could secure in no other way.

I would rather be within these prison walls and know by the greetings I receive and the smiles that lighten countenances for me that I am living so that those about me are "Mine Own People" than to have the free spaces of the earth at my command and be just one "in" the crowd with no chance to be one "of" it.

These days will surely end. I will hear the barred gates clang shut for the last time as I return to the illimitable distances and the immeasurable opportunities of the world, and as I face a future so rich with promise of all that is best of life I ask only that I be able to live in a way that will make of those I encounter along the journey of life in every way "Mine Own People." For if I can do this I know that happiness, success, joy, and all their attributes will forever be mine and the world will, in the end, be a little better for my having lived in it, which is the only reward and recommendation we can carry through the grave with us.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK can always use good amateur photographs of interesting scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay $1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use; cartoons are not returned.

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381 Fourth Ave., New York

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SPECIAL SHOES HAND WORKMANSHIP $10.00 STYLISH AND DURABLE SHOES $5.00

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W.L.Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the sole of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits

W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

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DO you really know how to live, or are you slowly killing yourself? Do you know that "Longevity Preferred" is the most important stock you can buy, and do you know how it can be obtained? An accomplished New York physician, Dr. C. Ward Crampton, discusses this interesting subject clearly and with engrossing candor in next week's issue of

The Outlook

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If you are an employer, it would be valuable to you to place this article in the hands of every man and woman in your employ. No one can read it without being genuinely benefited. It explains how to improve the human machine and how to make a better job of living.

If you are in the habit of buying your copy of The Outlook at a news-stand, place your order for next week's copy in advance, in order not to miss this intensely practical and helpful article.

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There are sport hose in wool or lisle, softest baby sox, children's play hose and fine half hose for men.

Let us send you our booklet "How to care for '*Onyx*' Silk Hosiery."

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"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

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BY THE WAY

A GLANCE through a volume of "Harper's Weekly" of half a century ago reveals this bit of humor, which seems not yet entirely out of date:

"At one of the stations on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage car and said, 'Is there anything for me?' After some search among boxes and trunks the baggageman rolled out a keg of whisky. 'Anything more?" asked the wet grocer. 'Yes,' said the baggageman; 'there's a gravestone that goes with that liquor.'"

The volume of "Harper's Weekly" quoted above contains, in the issue of September 30, 1871, one of Thomas Nast's celebrated cartoons dealing with the Tweed Ring. It is entitled "Too Thin," and shows Tweed and his partners as elongated individuals uttering the chorus, "We know nothing about the stolen vouchers; we are innocent." In the same volume happens to be bound an issue of "Wild Oats," a comic monthly of the period, issued the following week, containing a cartoon based on Nast's and called "Too Thick." It shows members of the Ring in chains and dressed in striped suits. The members of the Ring, it may be recalled, did not consider this "Wild Oats" cartoon particularly amusing and interdicted its sale on the New York City news-stands with the result that the circulation of "Wild Oats" for that number had an unprecedented boom. The cartoon was prophetic, for a few years later Tweed died in prison and the once powerful Ring was the most discredited thing in New York City's history.

Selling burial plots through advertisements in the daily papers seems to be a novelty. One such advertisement in a New York City paper reads: "WIVES TO-DAY, WIDOWS TO-MORROW! TO-DAY the husband can telephone us, 'Send an automobile for my family.' He can ride up to the magnificent Westchester hills and see the most beautiful Burial Park in America. Now it can be a cheerful party—for life is full and he is just doing a wise thing—not a serious thing. He can choose his family lot. He can pay a small deposit—and he can motor home with the freedom of mind of duty done. So easy to do! TO-MORROW, if he should die, he can do nothing!"

Can any one tell why the fashions in foods change with the passing years? In the case of the "breakfast foods," for instance, the reasons are sufficiently obvious, perhaps—the increasing appreciation of the hygienic value of cereals, and the ingenious advertising campaigns of manufacturers. But some articles that once were to be seen in the American market are now to be had, if at all, only by persistent inquiry. Tamarinds, for instance, which as a kind of sour sweet jam made many a small boy's mouth water a generation ago; and the thick, old-fashioned soda crackers that one got in a small-town hotel years ago

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and the "Washington pie" that hungry boys of old could stay themselves with at two cents a slab; and the big scalloped gingerbread "bolivars" that formed effective life-savers to the same ever-hungry little mortals? Are these delectables still to be found in the "general store" at remote crossroads, or have they passed into culinary history?

An English traveler was showing photographs he had taken in India, a writer in the "Atlantic" says. He came to the inevitable picture of the Taj Mahal. An American in the group looking on was the first to speak. "Just think of that guy," he remarked, "spending ten million dollars to bury his wife!" The silence that followed was broken by the sepulchral voice of another American: "I'd give more than that to bury mine!" "He said it without a shadow of humor—so earnestly, so convincingly, that several seconds elapsed before any of us smiled. For all that we knew, the morose gentleman might have been quite capable of building a second Taj Mahal."

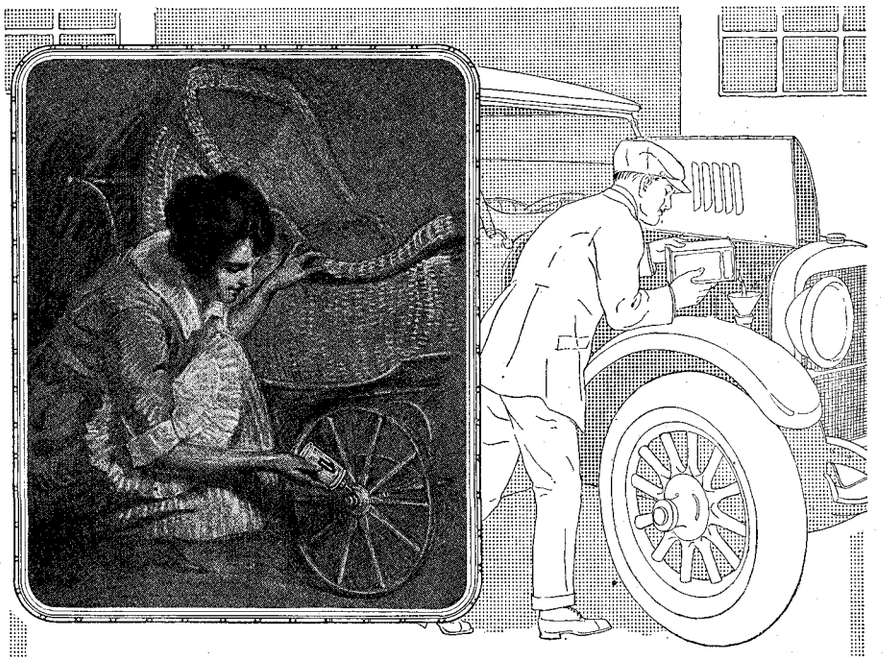
The "Passing Show" contributes this to the servant-question literature:

> Prospective Mistress—"You say you have no references. How is that?" Applicant—"Well, you see, mum, I've always stayed in one place till the people died."

In our issue of October 19, page 255, in Mr. Hagedorn's article on "The Roosevelt Country," the caption, "The Mouth of the Little Cannonball," referring to "Gregor Lang's camp in the tangle of old cottonwoods on the left," should have appeared under the illustration at the left. The pixy that delights to mix up things in printing offices, sometimes called the "office cat," sometimes the "printer's devil," sometimes the "spirit of total depravity that infests inanimate things," conspired with the "lock-up man" in our composing-room to transpose the cuts at the top of the page referred to.

One wonders what comment Mr. Roosevelt himself would have made on a transposition like that mentioned above. Concerning one compositor's error we recall an annotation made by him. His manuscript copy read, "The children were timed as they ran around the track." The compositor made it, "The children were timid," etc. Mr. Roosevelt wrote on the proof's margin, "The printer that says my children were timid inspires my thoughts with the idea of murder!"

The heading of our pages of current events pictures this week, "Grand Men and Grand Horses," is suggested by the story, which many readers will recall, that Dr. Johnson defined Oats in his Dictionary as, "A grain which in England is fed to horses, but which in Scotland supports the people." Carlyle, on seeing the definition for the first time, made the swift *riposte*, "And, Sam, what grand horses they have in England and what grand men in Scotland!"



The Go-Cart and the Auto

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Follow the example of friend husband with the auto. How careful he is that every working part is always well oiled. He knows that lack of proper lubrication means friction, wear and depreciation.

3-in-One *The Universal Household Oil*

is exactly the right consistency for properly oiling all light mechanisms—go-carts, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, talking machines, electric fans, clocks, locks, bolts, window pulleys, tools.

It is all pure oil, greaseless, gritless, acid free. Penetrates the tightest bearings, works out old caked grease and dirt, stays in and lubricates perfectly, preventing unnecessary wear.

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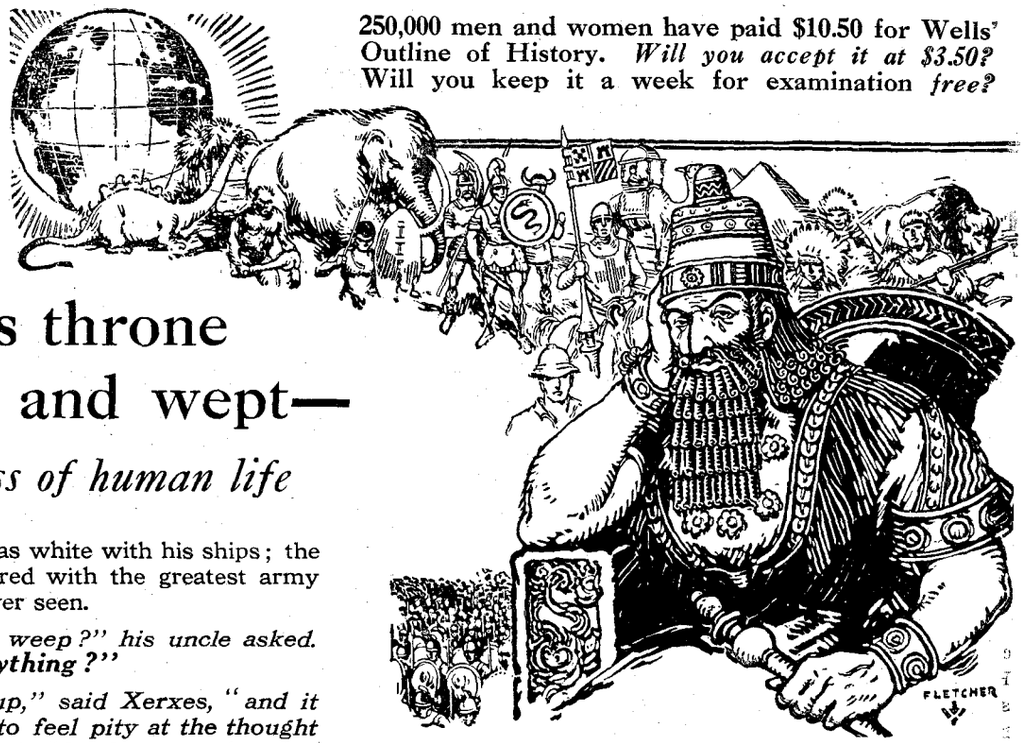

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*"Why should **you** weep?" his uncle asked. "You who have **everything**?"*

"I have reckoned up," said Xerxes, "and it came into my mind to feel pity at the thought how brief was the whole life of man, seeing that of these multitudes not one will be alive when a hundred years have gone by."

(Wells' Outline of History, page 283)

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